THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

JANUARY, 1934 VOL. 91, NO. 1

OUR NOBLE EXPERIMENT

Editorial Foreword

I HAVE BEEN asked this month to appraise the social accomplishments of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Let me first say a word about its economic performance.

Is the blue eagle flying backwards? During the autumn we have heard many voices dissenting against the course of NRA. The critics claim that government aid is academic and artificial and is choking rather than hastening the natural course of recovery. Colonel Ayres, the Cleveland banker, intimates that we could get on our feet readily if the government would only leave business alone.

What makes one suspicious of this adverse criticism of NRA is that much of it comes from the same former captains of banking and industry who countenanced four years ago the scuttling of our economic ship and for three years stood by watching us spiral down into the depths without so much as putting their heads together or evolving one plan to save us. Instead, with practically one voice they cried upon the government for leadership.

Now I believe that NRA is not only psychologically expedient but realistically necessary both for the immediate recovery and the eventual reconstruction of American business. The times still call for individualism in the fullest measure that is consistent with social justice and average well-being. They will not, however, countenance anarchy, suicide, or riot. Rational individualism is succeeding rugged individualism. In 1931 THE FORUM called for a plan for American industry, and the "Five-Year Plan" compiled by Charles A. Beard implied the trade associations and the codes that are now the salient features of NRA. NRA is helping business far more than it is hindering. The oil industry, to take a shining example, has been regulated on such a rational basis that only a fool can fail to make comfortable profits. NRA is not a radical measure; it is a conservative, a "right" measure compared with some of the threats and incantations of Congress. It behooves American business to recognize a good thing and work shoulder to shoulder for its success.

II

NOW LET us leave the economic and turn to the social achievements of NRA. Ten definite national reforms long advocated by men of good will have definitely been ushered in under the blue eagle.

1. Child labor has been abolished. For years the forces of reform battled to efface this national evil. They were finally defeated in their attempt to protect children from exploitation, by a federal amendment. Now, under NRA, by a stroke of the pen, children

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in industry are released from bondage. The chief objection raised seems to be that there are still chisellers, evaders. The fact remains that by and large the principle is accepted. In textile communities of the South children are going back to school where they belong, and their happy voices are shouting at play at recess. Their places in the factories are being taken by adults equally happy over the end of years of unemployment.

2. The pursuit of leisure has been approved. Ben Franklin once calculated that if the world's work were regulated and conducted rationally it could all be done in four hours a day, leaving abundant time for play and the cultivation of mind and body. We have not come to Franklin's four hours yet, but we have become relaxation-conscious and are exploring ways and means of improving the idle hours. In some cities committees are distributing pamphlets listing the things in the community worth seeing or worth listening to. Better, of course, are the active pursuits of music, handicrafts, amateur scientific investigation, reading, and above all planned meditation. We are, in short, being given a forward thrust toward becoming a civilized nation.

3. The coal industry has become respectable. Our coal industry doubled in production every ten years until 1910. After that the curve turned down. Social conditions in coaling areas became appalling, with the mining population, even in good times, starving and sinister. Nor have the employers been any happier in resorting to price-cutting and hard practices to keep from ruin. Under NRA, codes are being set up that make competition fair and decent living conditions and the self-respect of the operator possible.

4. The consumer has been protected against exploitation. By and large the prices of manufactured articles have been kept on the bargain counter, while the purchasing power has been increased by the spread of wages. The betterment has been registered in the increased sales of department stores. The public nerves are steadily being restored by the consideration paid the problem of the consumer rather than over-emphasis on the producer. Laws auxiliary to NRA are further protecting the consumer — the National Securities Act and the proposed new pure food and drug act.

5. Collective bargaining has been recognized. America has been tardy in following the normal and probably inevitable course of conservative trade unionism in which European countries have acquiesced to their advantage. Even as late as the depression many American industries persisted in stagnating and stifling their free development by obstructing or denying the right of collective bargaining. Under NRA normal trade unionism has enjoyed a healthy growth to the dismay of communist groups. Collective bargaining has been encouraged, and at the same time the disturbance of strikes abated by mediation boards.

6. Sweat-shop and home-slave labor have been condemned. The obliteration of these forms of social slavery is hard on thousands of small employers who depended on low wages, long hours, and small overhead for their profits. Some casualties appear to be necessary for the general good.

7. Minimum wage scales have been adopted. We have accomplished nationally, in eliminating devitalizing worry, what we supposed to be possible only for legislation in individual states.

8. Maximum work hours have been fixed.

9. The right to a job has been restored. Under the Declaration of Independence the right of a citizen to work was implicit. We were a pioneer country with an unlimited frontier in which every rugged individualist could choose his own livelihood. Now that we have become a nation of machines and infinitely complicated trade, jobs for all are to be obtained not by pioneering but by co-operation. By regulated co-operation NRA has already put four million jobless back to work.

10. Finally, the Golden Rule has entered the conduct of American business. The justice of Judaism is triumphing along with the principles of the sermon on the mount. The ethics to which our people have long subscribed in their houses of worship and on holidays is being tried out in the market place. "America," a Boston industrialist, Edward A. Filene, bears witness, "has at last faced the realities. She is on her way to such prosperity and to such human liberty as mankind has never known before."

Henry Goddard Leach

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SCRAP THE NRA!

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

One of the strange phenomena of our times is the enthusiasm with which the National Recovery Administration was hailed as a great movement toward the left. The business world did accept it as a grand stratagem for getting us on the road to recovery. But if the stratagem should prove successful, and we should march by that road to recovery, it seems quite clear that we should find we had marched, not to the left, but quite a distance to the right. Those who believe our security rests upon extending over our economic life the sway of the groups which have always controlled it in the past had a right to be satisfied with the NRA. But it is very difficult to understand why those who think our future happiness depends upon dethroning these gentlemen can look with complacence upon the rise of this movement.

An elaborate effort is being made to have it appear that certain powerful industrialists are in arms against the NRA. This is good political strategy. It freshens the confidence of those people who look with satisfaction upon anything that Wall Street attacks. Wall Street is supposed to be bitterly opposed to what they imagine is a great charter of liberty for organized labor. But it is not true to say that the business leaders have fought the NRA. A few have stood out against it. But on the whole the business leaders of the country threw themselves heartily, as well they might, into the experiment.

II

The NRA is now more than six months old. For most of its brief life it has enjoyed the whole-hearted acclaim of newspapers, radio, the stage, and every agency of report and opinion. It is now high time that we pause to make an estimate of what the thing really is.

First, let us be clear as to what we mean by NRA. Those initials are based on the National Industrial Recovery Act. That act is made up of two parts. The first suspends the operation of the anti-trust acts and confers upon the President wide powers of control over industry, to bring various groups into agreements about wages, hours, prices, production, and trade practices. The second part sets up a fund of $3,300,000,000 under the President's direction to be used in public works and loans to private industries for capital construction.

The first part of the Act is in fact a sort of industrial reform measure. It strikes a blow at sweat-shop wages, opens the way for shorter working hours, minimum wages, and agreements among employers to eliminate all those methods which are included under the heading of unfair business practices. The second part of the Act was intended purely as a recovery measure — by creating a huge reservoir of public credit to stimulate the heavy capital-goods industries and thus pour fresh supplies into the streams of national income. Some of the men who took a part in preparing this drive upon the depression understood this well enough. They saw clearly that the first part was adopted to enable industry to mend its ways and to consolidate whatever recovery might be achieved under the second part of the Act. But unhappily this distinction was not clear in the minds of all its sponsors. There is good reason to suspect that the President was one of those who lost sight of, if indeed he ever fully grasped, this point. There is plenty of evidence that the President gave a grudging assent to the public-works plan; that he would have been content with a much smaller appropriation; and that he came to believe that the first part of the Act — the reformatory part — would produce recovery by itself, and that perhaps it would never be necessary to draw heavily upon the public-works appropriations.

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Even before the Act was passed General Hugh Johnson was named to administer it. To him was committed the management of the first or reform part of the Act. He sprang at his task with furious alacrity. But the second or recovery part of the Act was pushed off into a corner by the President through an innocuous appointment. And while the recovery instrumentalities of the act were thus permitted to freeze, Johnson ran away with the label of "recovery." He called his bureau the National *Recovery* Administration — and then in a few days the NRA. And from that moment NRA has meant that amazing, boisterous, hectic circus which Johnson has carried on to reorganize industry. And while the real recovery section of the law was thus forgotten, the whole country, including the President, under the pressure of a ballyhoo that recalled the war drives took Johnson and his NRA at his own valuation and fondly looked for a business recovery from the operation of the codes.

This, it must now be clear enough, was a capital blunder. It is possible to make a fair case for the NRA as a means of introducing some order into business, of eliminating certain grave abuses, and of spreading work. But whatever can be said for it no one can support the proposition that it is a recovery measure. It might, if its sponsors are right, consolidate and lengthen any recovery which may arise from other causes. It might put a million or two men to work. But that it could keep them at work or that it could by itself set in motion the engines of recovery is an insupportable pretension. The recovery implements in that act were finally put in another place, another department — the Department of the Interior — under Secretary Ickes, a far wiser and sounder man than Johnson. But this was not done until perhaps a fatal delay had been permitted to intervene.

III

I HAVE SAID this plan is not a movement toward the left. Its whole history is against such an illusion. Perhaps it is necessary to recall some shreds of the forgotten history of the last ten years. The Chamber of Commerce has for years carried on an intensive crusade for the suspension of the anti-trust laws and through this the establishment of what is called "self-rule in industry." Business, it asserted, suffered from cutthroat competition, unfair practices, overproduction. The only remedy for this was to turn the control of industry over to its trade associations; to enable them to fix prices, limit production, and regulate competitive practices. Surely no one will call this a movement toward the left.

The Chamber's conception of self-rule in industry was to invest the employers — in their trade bodies — with the power to regulate their respective trades. Now it is possible to make an excellent argument for this from the point of view of the employer. But by no stretch of the word can this be called "self-rule" for industry. After all, industry does include the workers. And to the extent that any group of persons in the industry — and the most numerous groups at that — are excluded from participation in ruling the industry, it cannot be called self-rule. The plan left the consumer, who pays all the bills, out of the scheme altogether. The term "self-rule" applied to such a procedure is one of those happy euphemistic labels under which we manage to conceal so many questionable operations. This, however wise or however sinister, was the program of the United States Chamber of Commerce and not of any of the liberal or radical elements in the nation. As late as 1931, when Senator LaFollette was attempting something quite different — the establishment of an economic council to carry on national planning — Mr. H. I. Harriman, President of the Chamber, appeared before the Senator's committee and urged this ideal of self-rule. He proposed on behalf of the Chamber the establishment of an economic council made up of business leaders, named by business, who would work in co-operation with the proper agency of the government, with a council of three cabinet officers formed behind it. He urged modification of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Clayton Act; the recognition of trade associations as the ruling bodies for industry, with the power to fix prices, limit production, and regulate trade practices.

In April of 1933 the Senate amazed the nation a little by passing the Black Thirty-Hour Bill, and the House was ready to follow suit with the Connery Bill. The Connery Bill also provided for a minimum wage. If shorter

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hours and a minimum wage were all that were desired, they could have been accomplished through these bills. The President could have obtained amendments to make the working schedules and wage limits more flexible. But he refused to make these bills a part of his program. Instead the idea of the Recovery Act was seized upon in order to defeat these bills. The President associated himself with that plan.

The first draft of the Recovery Bill was prepared. When a summary of its provisions was made known, the first to appear in print with a blanket approval was Mr. H. I. Harriman. Indeed he proceeded to outline for the newspaper men precisely how the plan would work. The administrative board would summon the various trades to Washington; these groups would at once adopt codes of fair practice; then in conference with labor they would agree on wages and hours; thereafter the agreement would be submitted to the government board for approval.

Some days later the President appeared before the Chamber and gave his blessing to the long-cherished scheme to curb overproduction and suspend the anti-trust laws, along with the regulation of unfair wages and hours. Then the President added: "May I express the fine cooperation I have had from Mr. H. I. Harriman, your President, and associates. He has felt free to call on me, and I have felt free to call on him."

This was indeed true. The moment came when the President of the Chamber began to play a leading rôle in this "movement to the left." The Chamber itself expressed its approval of this plan to give self-rule to industry. "Those are best equipped to solve the problems of industry who are themselves engaged in industry," the resolution read. The simple truth is that at this point the preparation of the Bill fell into the hands of a group of men which included General Johnson of the Moline Plow Company and Mr. Harriman, President of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Donald Richberg, a liberal lawyer from Chicago, was also included. But his liberalism from now on will have to be judged by the part he has played in this reactionary scheme. Mr. Charles M. Schwab sang the praises of the plan before the Steel Institute. The President of the Electrical Manufacturers' Association extolled the Act. Behind the scenes Mr. Barney Baruch, who is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and one of the most active speculators in Wall Street, pulled the strings and arranged that his man, General Johnson, at this time described as research director for Barney Baruch, should be named as administrator of the Act.

As soon as the Act was passed there was set up in the Department of Commerce an advisory board composed of Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors; Walter Teagle, President of Standard Oil of New Jersey; James A. Moffett, Vice-President of Standard Oil of New Jersey; John D. Elliott of the Jameson Petroleum Company; Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company; and H. I. Harriman, President of the Chamber of Commerce. At a later day some of these resigned, and in their places went Myron Taylor of the United States Steel Corporation, Pierre S. duPont, Clay Williams of the Reynolds Tobacco Company, and several others.

IV

Is it not, therefore, an amazing thing that liberals and many radicals at once leaped forward to cheer lustily for a scheme like this, set up under such auspices? The explanation is, of course, to be found in the turn which the plan took in its first days. It would be unfair, however, to say that some concession was not exacted from these industrialists. The one solitary concession was the collective-bargaining clause in the Act. The minimum wage and the shorter-hour agreement did not constitute a concession. The minimum wages were fixed so low that they did not bother the large producers at all. The shorter-hour agreements were infinitely better for them than the thirty-hour week of the Black Bill which the NRA was invoked to kill. The collective-bargaining section and the licensing clause were not looked upon with favor, but even these were a small price to pay for the government's surrender on the Sherman Law. However, as the NRA got under way amid a blaze of red fire and a flourish of brass instruments and a fury of publicity, this collective-bargaining clause came instantly to the fore. The Federation of Labor leaped in to organize, and for a while the pres-

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ence of William Green in the limelight in all the conferences gave the NRA the appearance of being some great movement for organized labor. But after all, it was overlooked that there is nothing particularly radical in the idea of collective bargaining or the minimum wage or the shorter week. The Federation has always been against the minimum wage, for the reason that it tends to become a standard wage. And collective bargaining has been in force on the railroads, in many utility companies, and in the building trades for years. The excitement, the speech-making, the crude phrase-making of General Johnson, the parades, and, above all, the hope generated in every breast that somehow this thing was going to end the depression completely obscured the more deadly sections of the plan — the surrender by the government into the hands of private industry of vast powers over the economic life of the nation.

It was my belief that if the NRA should manage to survive, it would drift slowly into the hands of the Chamber of Commerce or the federated trade associations, with a mild and inoffensive form of government supervision. I was hardly prepared to see the advisory committee in the Department of Commerce, with the Secretary of Commerce and General Johnson, propose to turn the whole thing over, body and boots, to the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Swope's proposal and General Johnson's approval of it were just trial balloons. I do not believe that a cabinet officer and General Johnson, in close contact with the President, permitted that little comedy to be enacted without letting the President in on the project. When it was received, a little coldly in some quarters and a little rudely in others, the President was able to say that he thought business was not yet ready to assume the reins.

This is the great charter of freedom which was supposed to move the Roosevelt Administration on toward the left and into the arms of the liberals. However, I am prepared to concede that one does not necessarily damn the NRA by merely proving that it is nothing more nor less than the realization of an old Chamber-of-Commerce dream. It is possible, after all, for a Chamber of Commerce to be right.

But I think we ought to be sure what this thing will look like, should it succeed. After all the chantings and incantations have died down, after the subject is moved from the columns of the press, and General Johnson ceases to be a character, what is our economic system going to look like? Fixing prices and regulating production are functions of sovereignty. The individual business man may do this for himself. If he raises prices too high and attempts to limit production his competitors will step in and take his customers. This is the protective device which guards the public interest. But if all producers in a given industry are permitted to unite in a water-tight association and fix prices and limit production they are actually legislating upon fundamental rights inherent in the people. No power on earth should be permitted to do that, save the body which represents all the people. If Congress attempts to surrender such a power into the hands of the trade associations it will be, in effect, abdicating. I know the contention is pressed that the government will supervise these trade associations. I thought we had learned that the government cannot supervise the performance of a function like this. But General Johnson has declared more than once that industry should police these codes themselves, that the government's supervision should be mild and friendly. With the trade associations in possession of the instruments of production, in possession of the sovereign powers of the state over fundamental economic concerns of the people, and in possession of most of the agencies of opinion and information, and all this at the hands of a government which poses as a great liberal administration, what will the picture be when business thus organized comes again, as has always been the case, into complete possession of the government itself?

V

It is not conceivable that labor will submit tamely to this rule or that the undernourished section of the public will submit. Is it not inevitable that there will be bitter and violent opposition to it? And when that opposition develops will there not be a tightening of the precautionary mechanisms for suppressing opposition?

The codes give labor a minimum wage which is close to the starvation edge. And when labor organizes to demand more the President calls upon them not to strike — the strike being la-

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bor's only weapon. When labor persists in this General Johnson actually threatens the Federation of Labor. The collective-bargaining clause has already been completely denatured. Senator Wagner has ruled that the remote and almost subconscious contact which for one fleeting moment Henry Ford had with his workers in a New Jersey plant was a compliance with the collective-bargaining requirements.

Worse than all this, this scheme for self-rule in industry is based upon the theory that we suffer from an economy of abundance; that we produce too much food, too much clothing, too many houses; and that the road to prosperity is to produce less, in spite of the fact that we produce even in the most prosperous times far less than the nation needs. We do indeed produce more goods than income. But our problem is to produce more income and not less goods. The attempt to solve our difficulties by limiting production is to steer the nation into a long and bitter era of pauperism and unemployment for a great and growing number of the people, with more frequent depressions and deeper ones.

Of course, the NRA has actually interfered with our recovery. Not, of course, because it is an interference in business, as Mr. Alfred E. Smith has said, but because it has diverted our attention from the real instruments of recovery. The President struck a blow at his own credibility when he claimed that the NRA had put four million men back to work. There is no evidence that this number of men has gone back to work. There is plenty of evidence that it is not so. There is an abundance of evidence that re-employment has been more rapid in other large industrial countries which have had no such performances. That figure was a pure guess, and it is not supported by the statistics of the Department of Labor.

After all, you can ballyhoo employers to put men to work. But we are still in the capitalist system, and you cannot force them to keep men at work when business is declining. And that is what has been taking place ever since the NRA got under way. There was a brief business revival from April to the middle of July. Business activity represented by an index number of sixty in early March started up immediately. It rose to about eighty-five by the time the NRA got under way. Thereafter for about four weeks it rose to about ninety-eight. Since that time it has declined almost without interruption until now it stands at about seventy-two. When we remember that it was at seventy in last January we will see that the situation is serious, and that the claims of recovery are purely fictitious. The textile industry began its improvement in March, not after the codes were adopted. It has been declining almost steadily since the codes were adopted. Steel rose to a volume of production which used about fifty-seven per cent of the industry's capacity by July 15. It has sunk down each week until it reached twenty-five per cent in the beginning of November. There was a slight rise in the succeeding weeks due wholly to government contracts.

Most serious of all are the heavy-goods industries. Bad as 1932 was, 1933 has been far worse. We had fallen to an alarming low level of construction by October, 1932. But in every department of private construction the levels for October, 1933, were lower. One item alone kept the construction industry from complete collapse, and that was the meager projects for public works.

The slumber of the great heavy-goods industries may be surmised from the state of long-term financing out of which heavy industries are supported. In October of this year long-term bonds floated were only about half of the total in October, 1932, and almost all of it was by states and cities and then chiefly for refunding purposes.

To anyone familiar with the structure of our economic machine these figures will tell their own story. And it is now high time, I suggest, that the President put an end to at least one experiment. The NRA should be scrapped. In its place, if we are to plan, should be set up an economic council made up of men who understand our economic society and not a group of Wall-Street lawyers, industrialists, and a stockbroker or two for good measure. Nothing could be more offensive to the sense of fairness than the pretension that the NRA was the work of a brain trust, or that it was the invention of a group of young professors. The professors have enough to answer for. They ought not to be made to bear the onus of this appalling failure.

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POETS AND DICTATORS

BY MARY M. COLUM

Ye who have intellects to guide you, consider the doctrines.

DANTE: the *Inferno*

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain —
For these do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
When greater spirits come.

MARVELL: *Ode to Cromwell*

IT IS A pity that all dictators cannot have their poets as Augustus had Virgil, as Cromwell had John Milton and Andrew Marvell, great Puritans like himself, for then we could summarize more vividly the spiritual forces that produce modern dictatorships. However, here are four of the chief contemporary poets with their books, and here also are the dictators with their books: two of them, Yeats and Valéry, represent two of the highest brooding intellects of their time; all of them, both poets and dictators, are men of passionate minds, of lonely and transforming imaginations. They are all, poets and dictators, in such communication with life that they can think the thoughts, half-think, half-feel them, that later make the world. They are all men aware of a tradition and men in whom the common emotions and aspirations of their time are to be observed to a supernal degree. The remarkable thing about the dictators is the extent to which they have drawn their guiding ideas, whether these are right or wrong, from the poets of their race, and the extent to which they themselves are molded, if rudely molded, by the poetry of their countries. Except for a few tag-ends from Hegel about life being a perpetual becoming, the pediment of Mussolini's ideas, including even those about the Corporate State, are drawn from Dante. A great deal of his writing on Fascism, in so far as it deals with general doctrine, is a man of action's statement of passages from Dante and Petrarch. It may be said that his Dante knowledge is *The Divine Comedy* and *Convivio* of text-book selections, but this does not make it any less potent in moving his readers and hearers; even the common stuff of some of Il Duce's most famous speeches is taken from *The Divine Comedy:*

Considerate la vostra semenza.

Look back on the seed ye sprang from.

And all his passion for imperial Rome with the memories of which he has welded Italy together takes its statement from the *Convivio.* "Verily I am of the opinion that the stones that are fixed in her walls are worthy of reverence, and the soil where she sits more worthy than men can preach or prove." The appeal of these dictators, Hitler as well as Mussolini, is in the fact that they do in themselves represent, and can stir up in the minds of their people, ideas and emotions out of the national past. If poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity the doctrines of these dictators is text-book poetry recollected in stress and action.

INDEXES TO NATIONAL CHARACTER

THE THREE forces that according to Taine determine literature — the race, the milieu, and the moment — explain the phenomenon of a dictator more easily than the phenomenon of a poet, for a dictator appears to be especially the creation of his race, of his total environment, of the period in which he lives.

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The earlier poets were necessarily the product of their race, but in modern times the intellectual tradition of a country is not always one with its racial tradition, and can be carried on by men who are not of the historic race: thus, the greatest living French poet, Paul Valéry is not of the French race, but is a mixture of Italian and Corsican, though he represents the French intellectual tradition and has carried that tradition a step further in its progress. The man who represented the German intellectual tradition as truly as Kant did, Einstein, is not of the German race, and the dictator who banished him and his fellows with the idea of purifying German civilization has a dangerously limited and confused mind and one entirely opposed to what he himself calls "the basic aristocratic principle in nature." (Hitler: *My Battle*.) For the chief thing that is true of the basic aristocratic principle (a different thing altogether from the social aristocratic posture) is its disdain of all futile prejudices.

The culture of a country, which represents at least one half of its civilization, is made up of three forces: religion, art, and learning, and these, even when they strongly represent a historic tradition, as in Italy, are becoming less and less influenced by race, as people cease to be locked up in geographical boundaries. Religion long ago ceased to be racial, except in the case of the Jews, and from the moment Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic it became doubtful whether any art could be strongly racial or even national again, for what kept art racial was largely the difficulty of communication. But the institution that is still strongly racial in every country is its government, and a modern dictator is a surer index to the character and aspirations of a people than a modern poet. The moving force of a dictatorship derives from a country's literature, above all its poetry, and from its historic tradition. It does also take part of its sanction from the current literary ideas of the moment — oratory begins to be a force in literature again, and people begin to demand oratory again from their rulers. Literary reformers begin to demand that words should once more be derived from rhythmic gestures, and we have the dictators welding together their followers with a rhythmic gesture — so closely connected are all the domains of man's mind. The man who paved the way for Mussolini was the poet d'Annunzio, with his oratory and his seizing of Fiume, and the constitution he drew up for that city provided formulae for the Fascist state. The salute with the arm upraised, called the old Roman salute, but really the salute in all countries of men on horseback, was brought back not by the dictators but by d'Annunzio, a poet whose profound if somewhat spasmodic communication with the life of his time has placed him occasionally on heights occupied only by the greatest poets.

That words, that poetry, could gain a new reality if language were made to correspond to gesture is the philosophy of the reformers of language who tell us that the rhythmic gesture preceded the word as a means of communication. Now the power of the rhythmic gesture in men's communicating with each other can be observed most simply, most startlingly, in the sight of a number of men giving each other the salute with upraised arm to the accompaniment of the words, "Eja, eja, alala," or the short German, "Heil." The dictators have also imposed on their followers the symbol, and both gesture and symbol have always had a powerful psychologic effect in religious ritual and in art.

The Secret of Hitler's Influence

If one leaves out of account Hitler's obsession with the Jews — a form of insanity more amazing when read in his own words than in any newspaper version of them — his other ideas and aspirations are a product of German literature and history. From the time of Luther and beyond it the German people have at intervals shown themselves infatuated with ideas of racism and with notions of withdrawing themselves from the influence of other races; these ideas are not just "Wotan second-hand," as the author of *Hitler's Reich* thinks; they are at the very roots of German culture. There are opposing opinions about Luther's value as a religious leader; there can be only one opinion as to his literary value: he was one of the creators of the German language and literature and of what has now become the German idea. Until he wrote his sermons, his poetry, his translation of the Bible in the language spoken around him, there was no German language as we now know it. It was

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his racism that gave momentum to both his religious and his literary ideas, and this he did not take from the mists of German mythology — he took it from the Bible and the Jews and the subconsciousness of the German folk. He threw out the Greco-Latin tradition with its devotion to reason (which he scorned) and to Aristotle, and he brought in the Hebrew tradition with its rhapsody and emotion, even its feeling against other races. After him and because of him the black night of war fell on Germany, and literature went under until Lessing and Herder once more resurrected it on the basis of racism and the rejection of all foreign influences, except those that were kin to the Teutonic race. Platitudinous as is much of Hitler's *My Battle* we can learn from it the secret of his influence over the German people — it is that he can stir up sentiments which Germany has experienced before in crucial moments of her history — sentiments which have had their expression in Luther, in Hans Sachs, in Herder and Lessing, in Goethe and Schiller, in Fichte and Wagner and Nietzsche. Fichte is, perhaps, the strongest connecting link between Hitler and Martin Luther, for his *Address to the German Nation*, delivered when Napoleon's armies were trampling through Germany, contains the whole argument for Teutonic racial ascendency. Like Mussolini, though with less intellectuality, Hitler bases his speeches, his ideas, on recollections of national literature; he consecrates his semi-military organizations in words that are almost literally these of Herder: "Repose and luxury and so-called freedom of thought can never make the general happiness and destiny. I am far from defending wars, armies, pilgrimages, crusades, but what a spirit breathes in them all! what a ferment of forces! Grand cure of the race by means of violent exercise!" The secret of his power, too, lies not in his political doctrine, the best of which he has taken over from Mussolini, but in the mystic conception of himself as a savior of the German folk (a Siegfried), in his intuitions into certain needs of his country, in his emotional power, his fiery blood. He is a leader of men without being a statesman, and *My Battle*, outside the inspired ideas which might fit into thirty or forty pages, is neither a sensible nor a leader-like book. It may even be doubted whether there is not something really harmful in giving a wide distribution to his irrational race-prejudice, which in a broken world might easily set going a similar form of rabies. Free artistic expression is one thing — freedom to express irrational and inflammable opinions is another, and neither Hitler nor Mussolini permit the expression of what they consider irrationalities of opinion in their states.

Mussolini's Genius

Mussolini is not only a leader in the same mystical way as Hitler is, but he has shown himself a statesman of genius. Why has there been such little impartial explanation of Fascism in this country? Why has it been either represented in a lop-sided way or else shouted down in a country where any adolescent can get a hearing for what he imagines to be his communistic ideas, though one half of the people who imagine themselves communist are no more communists than Mussolini is? Whether it is true, as the European capitalists say, that Mussolini is out for the ruin of capital, or whether, as John Strachey maintains in *The Menace of Fascism*, he is out to preserve capital by force, I am not in a position to judge, but it looks as if neither of these statements is exact, and as if Fascism, which is a developing doctrine, represents a point at which the ideas of both the Right and Left meet.

This is not the place, nor am I the person to deal with the political and economic institutions of Fascism — the Corporate State, the National Syndicates, the Chart of Work — but the philosophy of Fascism, as outlined in the book before me with the passages from Mussolini's speeches, is an impressive performance, a doctrine of discipline and labor in a high and noble mold, the essence of which, as he has said himself, can be summed up in the words, "We are against the easy life." It is not new, no philosophy of life is brand-new; it is in the main a reorganization of the values native to the Greek and Roman world, with the ethics of Aristotle restated in Roman and Italian terms. It is, as my readers are aware, opposed to Marxism and the doctrine of historical materialism, according to which civilization is determined by the class struggle. "Nobody," says Mussolini, "denies the importance of

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economic facts, but to claim that they are sufficient to explain human history to the exclusion of all other factors is an absurdity. Fascism believes in sanctity and heroism and in actions in which there is no question of any economic motive of any kind — life ought to be high and full, lived for itself, but above all for others near and far, present and future."

Those bred in nineteenth-century liberalism with its doctrines of democracy and of "Freedom broadening down from precedent to precedent" will get a rude shock at Mussolini's statement, "We represent the clear, categoric, definite antithesis of democracy and all the world of immortal principles of 1789." All democracy is for him demoded, and modern government is not "for the people, by the people," but for the people, by an array of experts who alone can handle the problems of the modern state, with a chief to weld all together. The present century, he asserts, is the century of authority, of the state, as the last was the century of the individual. No matter what one feels about these political ideas no one can deny the high appeal of the general philosophy or the magic of his oratory — a magic which is also Hitler's.

Oratory in Speech and Poetry

Is there any great difference between the oratory of a speaker and what is called oratory in poetry? The oratory that is supposed to make most impression on the people is an impassioned speech without careful words and limited in its ideas. One of the canons of literary criticism of the last fifty years was that there was some inherent contradiction between oratory and poetry. John Stuart Mill had pronounced a widely quoted definition — "Oratory is the thing heard, poetry is the thing overheard." This is one of these statements that have exercised a spell over the minds of critics as if it were one of the immortal truths. In reality, oratory and eloquence have always been a part of the poetic outfit, and great oratory, whether it is the Gettysburg address or Pericles' address, is both the thing heard and the thing overheard. Great oratory, whether in speech or poetry, is in one half of its contents mysterious — a sweep beyond what our experience can reach, a beating of wings overhead. When Mussolini says, "The State ought to say great things to the people," or "Tradition is one of the great spiritual forces of the people in that it is a successive and constant creation of their soul," do we imagine that the people get more than a suggestion of the meaning? Yet that does not injure his appeal.

As Il Duce has taken so much from Dante, and as the living poet whose mind is most akin to Dante is W. B. Yeats, we need not be surprised to find in one of his dramas the sort of speech that Mussolini would be likely to utter:

> I choose the laughing lip
> That will not turn from laughing whatever rise or fall,
> The heart that grows no bitterer although betrayed by all,
> The hand that loves to scatter, the life like a gambler's throw,
> And these things I make prosper till a day come that I know,
> When heart and brain shall darken and the weak pull down the strong
> That the long-remembering harpers have matter for a song.

If we define the "basic aristocratic principle" as the urge to mold something into the highest form of which it is capable then we may define the poet's mind as the aristocratic mind in meditation and artistic creation, as, perhaps, the dictator's is the same mind in action. The poets whose work is before me — Dante (in Laurence Binyon's translation of the *Inferno*), Yeats, Robinson, Masefield, Valéry, no matter how they differ in kind and degree of genius have all the hard, strong, disciplined, aristocratic mind. Of all these poets, perhaps of all living ones, the one who most thoroughly expresses that part of the modern world from which can be drawn the stuff of poetry is W. B. Yeats. He is more of this century than most of the men who were born in it, and that though more than half his life was spent in the nineteenth. Like so many modern poets — Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Archibald Macleish, Paul Valéry — the fundamentals of his mind are related to Dante, about whose influence on the men of this age, the outstanding men of action as well as the men of meditation, a whole dissertation could be written. Dante is closer to the twentieth century than any of the writers of the nineteenth — more than Tennyson or Browning or Swinburne, and of the writers of the twentieth century Yeats is the closest to the Florentine:

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I mock Plotinus' thought
And cry in Plato's teeth,
Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole,
Made lock, stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul,
Aye, sun and moon and star, all.

In mockery I have set
A powerful emblem up,
And sing it rhyme upon rhyme
In mockery of a time
Half dead at the top.

Yet maybe the future, looking back at this time, to these poets and dictators who are remaking it "lock, stock and barrel," — maybe that future will not think that this present was "half dead at the top."

Yeats examining the men of his race from whom a national tradition might be derived — Swift, Berkely, Goldsmith, Burke — praises them all for their rejection of Whiggery, and then asks "What is Whiggery?" and answers:

A levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind
That never looked out of the eye of a saint
Or out of a drunkard's eye.

This, too, is against the "immortal principles of 1789."

In an age so influenced by Dante it is a pity that the latest translation of him should be a tame, study version, wrapped in a Tennysonian vocabulary and padded out with adjectives. The very fact that Laurence Binyon persisted in writing the translation in the terzo rima of the original has been part of his undoing, as terzo rima in English has no real correspondence to the Italian terzo rima at all. The bare, lovely lines so popular in Italy at the moment

Considerate la vostra semenza:
fatti non foste a viver come bruti
ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.

are turned into these trailing numbers:

Think on the seed ye spring from! Ye were made
Not to live life of brute beasts of the field
But follow virtue and knowledge unafraid.

All Dante said is, "Think back on your seed. Ye were not made to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge" — not an adjective, not an unnecessary word.

Beyond Turmoil

Far removed from the passion and conflict and wisdom of Dante, and as far removed from the modern world with its fallen empires and the booming sounds of words and tools forging new order out of chaos are Robinson's *Talifer* and Masefield's *End and Beginning*. There is, notwithstanding, no comparison between these two books, for Masefield's drama of the Queen of Scots in its gentle and reconciling tragedy is a long way from his great days when he wrote *The Widow in Bye Street* and *Salt Water Ballads;* whereas *Talifer* as a story in verse, with its deliberate conversational language, is a little masterpiece of poetic comedy, of narrative, and of psychology. Robinson is one of the best story-tellers in America and one of the most penetrating psychologists since the Jameses. In an unassertive way he breaks new ground, for this is one of the subtlest ways of telling a story and of revealing character that any present-day writer has discovered, where the heightened parts can be told in beautiful verse and the pedestrian parts in colloquial verse, the whole with a New-England spareness and a background of old houses and autumn trees which

all sang
For Talifer, a fiery dirge together
Of lights and silences.

Taking them all together, both poets and dictators, they have given the modern world their strongest thought, their most manful energy; they, all of them, have made something that time cannot wear away. But this immortality is something the run of men care little for, and *maybe* indeed it is too much cracked up and is not worth the pains endured and the battles fought — not, anyhow, for those who fought them, but only for posterity which may reap the fruit. *Maybe* Valéry's verse in *Cimetière Marin* expresses what all men who have gained it feel about immortality in the end:

Maigre immortalité noire et dorée,
Consolatrice affreusement laurée
Qui de la mort fais un sein maternel,
Le beau mensonge et la pieuse ruse!
Qui ne connaît, et qui ne les refuse,
Ce crâne vide et ce rire éternel!

Meager Immortality, black and gilded,
Consolatrix fearfully be-laurelled,
Who makes of death a maternal bosom,
The fair falsehood and the pious wile!
Who does not know, who does not reject them,
The empty skull and the eternal grin!

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GERMANY REARMS

BY ALBERT BRANDT

IT IS THE purpose of the writer to show statistically and otherwise that Germany is rearming physically and spiritually. Nazi propaganda abroad has not deceived the well-informed. Its protests are so at variance with both word and action at home that scarcely anyone is fooled. Before the bar of world opinion Germany stands, brazenly protesting an innocence in complete contradiction to its own domestic policy and its own action.

"We will disarm if the rest of the world does," the Nazis reiterated as they withdrew from the Disarmament Conference. Is it possible that the imminent agreement of the other powers on a policy of arms control and inspection had nothing to do with Germany's decision? If Germany were sincere in protesting that it has fulfilled the provisions of the Versailles Treaty regarding disarmament, why should it oppose arms control and inspection?

A nation so politically obtuse that it could hope to deceive the world about its persecution of the Jews, for instance, by merely denying the fact over and over again, is also capable of carrying on the same childishly sly policy in regard to armament. Nor is there pure stupidity in these duplicities, for in both cases the Nazis face the problem of appeasing world opinion and at the same time carrying out their anti-Semitic and militaristic pledges to the German masses.

It is more vital for the time being to retain power and prestige at home. In the meantime the world may be deceived, or at least prevented from taking any immediate action, by a policy of protestation. Enlightening indeed is the case of Noel Panter, Munich correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph.* He was arrested and charged with treason because he sent out a dispatch to the effect that "thousands of storm troopers passed by their leader, Captain Ernst Roehm, with rifles at the slope and steel bayonets." He also reported that the Bavarian government had ordered the military nature of the demonstration, in which members of the Reichswehr also participated, kept secret.

Now Panter was accused under Article 92 of the German criminal code, which makes it treasonable knowingly to divulge state secrets, and was subsequently deported. Since Panter was accused of divulging a state secret, the German government practically admitted that the report was true, that the storm troopers had been marching under arms. In other words, as the *New York Herald Tribune's* Berlin correspond-

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ent put it, "The net result of it would be that the Hitler government would admit that it was violating the Versailles Treaty at the very moment when Chancellor Hitler made his assurances to the world of Germany's pacifistic intentions."

The existence of Article 92 is extremely significant. Why should a nation which has nothing to conceal threaten with imprisonment or death any person responsible for revelations?

From Pacifism to Militarism

Never in the history of National Socialism has Hitler faced so difficult a problem as that which arose during the past few weeks, when the question of armament control had to be settled. There were but two ways for him to decide what should be done: he could open the gates of Germany for complete control of its armaments, and thus assume the responsibility of explaining this action to the German people; or he could assume full responsibility for the failure of the Disarmament Conference and for all its surface consequences. Hitler chose the latter. Beyond its immediate effects on the League of Nations, this decision vastly strengthened his position in Germany. On the basis of what he had accomplished, Hitler was able to submit to the German people a referendum concerning approval of his policies on which they naturally would not vote, "No." And of course he has also been able effectively to avoid examination by a control commission, in as much as supervision would be inconvenient for his party at the moment.

This is not the first time that the question of German rearmament has brought a crisis in European affairs. Hitler was able to talk himself out of a similar predicament when he made his famous peace speech on May 17. Foreign Minister von Neurath and von Nadolny, Germany's representatives at the Conference, were bluntly repudiated by Hitler's stand. On that occasion the *New York Times* certainly spoke with wisdom when it referred to Adolph Hitler as the only pacifist in Germany not in a concentration camp or dead.

But Hitler turned pacifist for the day only. Between May and October five months elapsed, months of feverish rearmament and stocking up of war material. The French have always insisted, according to Deladier in a recent speech, that they have a secret dossier of German armament.

Up to May the question of Germany's rearmament was hypothetical. In May it became a fact. National Socialism has turned Germany into a tremendous ammunition depot. There is no longer a chance for Hitler to back out. To do so he would have to disavow his co-leaders, including Captain Goering, Minister of the Interior and Minister of Aviation, and others who are working steadily toward Germany's rearming. Hitler knows very well that he cannot do this. Rearmament is a common aim of Fascism. It is a religion for National Socialism. It is consistent with its preaching of fourteen years and with the teaching of the leader — "militarization of German life." The injection of the war spirit into the minds of the German people — always part of the ideology of German National Socialism — has become, because of political evolution, an actual necessity for Germany's present rulers. And starting with these political reasons, they hope to realize their ambitions regarding foreign policy, expansion, and recovery of lost territory.

Secret Mobilization

For months the foreign press, especially the English and French press, has published reports of Germany's rearmament, reports which Hitler's Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels, has never refuted, although he has constantly refuted all reports concerning atrocities, unemployment, and other disturbances. He has stated only that Germany has peaceful intentions; but he has failed to explain why the last German budget provides for eight hundred million marks for which there is no plausible justification.

German newspapers, controlled as they are, have been forbidden to mention this. Perhaps these millions of marks have been used for bridges and automobile roads, for the labor army, or for equipment for the storm troopers. Perhaps. In the *Voelkischer Beobachter* Hitler's economic expert, Nonnenbruch, wrote that the road-building program of the National Socialist Party is a "blow in the face for all capitalist reasoning." He further stated, "Because our road-building program is not a profitable investment from the capitalistic point of view, it cannot be financed from private capitalist re-

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sources." Perhaps it is pertinent at this juncture to note the important rôle which motor cars will play in the next war.

It is quite apparent that the calisthenics and athletics of the German labor armies' half-voluntary service are preparations in a military sense. Colonel Hierl, high in the ranks of military leaders of the Nazi storm troops, and organizer of the labor army, has clearly set forth the military character of these labor soldiers. His pamphlet, *Meaning and Organization of the Labor Service*, which appeared as an official party communication, explains the necessity of military justice and the preference in recruiting given to former soldiers and officers and other persons with military training.

In every camp the use of rifles is practiced, as well as explained, and preparations have been made recently for instruction with machine guns, hand grenades, and other weapons.

This has been repeatedly stated in dispatches published in the *Manchester Guardian* and in many letters from labor-service men which have slipped past the censorship and found their way abroad.

Captain Goering — now a general — has reorganized the police army of Germany and has distributed its centers of activity in such a way that all German police can be rightfully considered part of the regular armed power of the Third Reich. On December 11, 1932, when Germany was still under von Papen's régime, *Le Matin* published a secret decree of the Prussian Minister of Interior concerning the military usefulness of the police force. The German government, as usual, issued a denial when this question came up again in the *Manchester Guardian* and other English and French papers. The fact remains that in the last few months 150,000 men of the German police have been trained to take up arms at a moment's notice.

A crucial factor to-day is the position of the Reichswehr. This official army of 100,000, permitted by the Treaty of Versailles, has been rightfully called the "German sphinx." To this moment Hitler really doesn't know to what extent he may depend on these men, who in a war would constitute a force of 100,000 officers and leaders, perhaps the finest and most efficient army the world has ever known.

Furthermore, we know that German National Socialism has at its disposition an army of more than 650,000 storm troopers, who, under the eminent leadership of the storm-troops general, Captain Roehm, must have been trained in military efficiency, and, even if they do not carry arms other than revolvers and blackjacks, know very well how to handle other arms. Otherwise it would not have been necessary for National Socialism to stage so many night maneuvers with its troops and to take such care that nobody should see the training of these forces. There is no doubt that there are 150,000 well-trained Stahlhelmmen, all veterans of the last World War, who belong to the ranks of Nazidom, and who are trained and ready for action.

Analyzing the military forces of the Reich, we may say that Germany has the following trained manpower:

Active army	100,000
Marine (active and reserve storm troopers)	50,000
Police (co-ordinated and National Socialists)	150,000
Auxiliary police of the storm troopers	50,000
Storm troopers — fully trained	450,000
Protection troopers trained	60,000
Stahlhelm trained	150,000
Labor Service	200,000
Reserves of Reichswehr	15,000
Total	1,225,000

War Training

In all corners of Germany the people themselves are training for war. They are drilled with gas masks and rehearsed in protection against possible air raids. In many cities the inhabitants have been forced to eliminate all inflammable material from their attics. Police and storm troopers search every house.

The use of gas masks and first aid against poison gas are taught in German public schools. In the last few months elaborate exhibitions of protective measures against gas and airplane bombs have been held in all large cities. These exhibitions, which all school children are obliged to attend, are run under the protectorate of the government.

School children generally exercise in a military fashion. Many cases are reported where the throwing of hand grenades has been taught, and where climbing walls and marching in military formation come under the heading of "sport."

At the universities, a new science, the so-

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called "science of arms," has been introduced. The official textbook is Professor Ewald Banse's *Introduction to the Science of Arms*, which not only glorifies war itself but advises the German people to prepare itself for a biological war with poisoned rats, mice, and fleas innoculated by typhoid germs. Bloody duels have been revived, and face scars are again deemed essential to show a man of honor.

Imports of War Materials

The *New York Times* of October 19, 1933, carried figures showing the imports of nickel oxide to Germany. Statistics for the port of Rotterdam alone show that these imports have been six times as large in oxide form and three times as large in fine-nickel form during the first six months of 1933 as they were in the corresponding period of 1932. In the first six months of 1932 the Netherlands imported nickel in oxide form valued at $1,449,950. Fine-nickel imports from Canada in the first half of 1932 were valued at $203,976, and this year they were valued at $631,583, a considerable increase, even if the depression of the dollar during July, 1933, is taken into consideration. Rotterdam, the largest Dutch seaport, has been used extensively for German importations since Hitler came into power. The *Intransigeant* of July 12, 1933, carries some very interesting figures about the huge volume of imports to Germany through this port. Clearly they show that the imports of raw material suitable for war have gone into formidable figures. However, not only Rotterdam but also Amsterdam and other Dutch seaports are used as transshipment points by German industry. During the entire year of 1932 Germany imported through Amsterdam 6,700 tons of copper and through Rotterdam 1,600 tons. The official reports of the Dutch government of freight movements in Dutch seaports show that in the first five months of the year 1933 the imports of copper for transshipment to Germany rose to 9,100 tons through Amsterdam and to 6,000 tons through Rotterdam. Germany imported via Dutch ports, during the whole of the year 1932, 48,700 tons of iron and copper ore. The official report of the harbor of Rotterdam shows that in the month of May, 1932, alone, 61,000 tons of these ores had been transshipped from there to Germany. All Dutch ports transshipped in 1932 roughly 27,000 tons of scrap iron. In the first three months of the Hitler government, 83,300 tons of scrap iron alone were transported from Rotterdam to German territory. But it must be mentioned that the German ports — and it is peculiar, not the international ports like Hamburg and Bremen, but the small ports such as Luebeck and Emden — are also busy day and night unloading ships which bring iron and copper ore from Sweden, raw material which must have proved suitable for the manufacture of armaments.

Germany is stocking up in other materials to such an extent that it may be interesting to investigate — for instance, the enlargement of the German stocks of cotton. The German government has made feeble attempts to explain the tremendous stocks of cotton by saying that German merchants are speculating in a rising market. But there have been rising markets before, as in 1928, and yet the reports of the Harbor Authority of Bremen prove that Germany has never carried more of a supply of cotton than necessary for twelve weeks' operation of its weaving mills. Statistics, however, show that the ascent of Hitler to power has changed this situation completely.

The official figures published by the *Tagebuch* of September 30, 1933, follow:

	Doublecentner
Cotton imports to Germany average per month, 1930	264,000
Cotton imports to Germany average per month, 1931	233,100
Cotton imports to Germany average per month, 1932	283,000
Cotton imports to Germany for July, 1933	446,700

The accumulation of stock not used, or not to be used for a long period is also interesting. The *Koelnische Zeitung* of September 7, 1933, gives the following figures for stock on hand:

At the weaving mills, (*1932*) 392,000 doublecentner; (*1933*) 599,000 doublecentner; (*Gain*) 52.8%
In the Bremen harbor, (*1932*) 653,000 doublecentner; (*1933*) 1,048,000 doublecentner; (*Gain*) 60.4%

Perhaps it is true that the German government has not encouraged these enormous imports. But on the other hand, it has at the same time tried to curtail all imports to Germany as much as possible. Because cotton is a very important item in modern warfare, those figures

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should be of interest. It might be said that the increased cotton imports are exceptional and due to a rising market. But the same situation prevails in connection with other raw materials for which a rising market cannot be foreseen, and for which no specific peacetime use can be found at the moment.

Never before has the newspaper and publishing business in Germany been as bad as it is in 1933. Yet, in the first seven months of 1933, Germany has imported more cellulose wood than in the whole of the year of 1932. The last statistics, officially sanctioned, show imports of 12,073,118 doublecentner up to July, against 11,996,563 doublecentner in the whole of the year 1932.

Cellulose is now shipped in enormous quantities to Dresden, Halle, and Hamburg, where there are enormous chemical factories. It is generally known how important this raw material is for the manufacture of dynamite and poisonous gas. National Socialist leaders, when pressed for an explanation of their widely heralded program of *Autarkie*, or "self-sufficiency," have explained that they have their own ideas about Germany's self-sufficiency. On August 30, 1933, Hitler's adviser in economics, Werner Dietz, declared that *Autarkie* in the National Socialistic sense does not mean curtailing imports of raw materials which are needed in case of conflicts and war.

Since May, 1933, there has been also a tremendous increase in copper imports. Figures of the official *Statistischen Reichsamt* reveal the following situation:

Period	*Copper imports average per month*
1932 whole year	145,969 doublecentner
1933 January to April	127,300 doublecentner
1933 May / 1933 June	198,958 doublecentner

Where does this raw material go?

Manufacturers of Destruction

The Rhineland Westphalian foundries work full blast. While there is general unemployment, thousands of laborers have been re-employed in these works. The *Algemeene Handelsblad* of Amsterdam states in its issue of August 9 that the large Krupp foundries have added 50,000 men.

To supply these foundries with raw material, hitherto economically unprofitable mines have been reopened; for example, the Siegerlaendischen Erzgruben, which produce iron ore, reopened with government subsidies of millions of marks. However, increased domestic production of iron ore does not seem to be sufficient to supply the demand. Therefore tremendous imports of foreign ores are made.

In the first six months of 1933, 2,660,205 doublecentner of iron were imported, as against 1,715,971 doublecentner in the whole of 1932. Official statistics also show the following discrepancies in shipments of iron ore:

Imports all year 1932 ....34,516,080 doublecentner
January to June, 1933... 21,133,560 doublecentner, which means an average per month, as the *Tagebuch* compiles:

1932	2,876,340 doublecentner
1933	3,522,260 doublecentner

Production of steel has also taken large strides. The reported figures of one of the largest German steel works, the Rheinstahlwerke, show that its production alone has increased from 1,000,000 tons to 2,700,000 tons, and that the steel has been delivered mostly to airplane factories.

For years the French government has threatened to publish its secret dossiers about German rearmament. In the meanwhile, however, the contents of these dossiers apparently are no longer so secret. On July 26, 1933, for instance, *Le Journal* of Paris published a list of factories which manufacture armaments on German soil, indicating where the tremendous imports of raw materials to Germany are used.

Among others, *Le Journal* stated that tanks are being manufactured at the Linke-Hoffman Werke in Breslau; Bleicher Werke in Leipzig; and the Daimler Benz Werke in Offenbach.

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Munitions and guns are manufactured at the Mauser Werke, Oberndorf; Polte Werke, Deutsche Waffen und Munition Fabrik, Berlin and Karlsruhe; Bayrische Motoren Werke, Eisenach. Cannons and machine guns are, for instance, manufactured at the Rheinmetall Werke in Düsseldorf and at Simson Werke in Suhl Munitions; Kruppwerke, Essen. Rifles and dynamite are manufactured at the Dortmunder Union, Deutsche Werke (government property), Spandau, and Polte Werke, Magdeburg.

The following statements have been assembled from various sources which have heretofore always proved to be authentic and reliable. Some of the information has also been received from private sources, which cannot be divulged.

A most amazing invention in the field of machine guns is reported to have been made. This gun is called S 2–206 and is the invention of an Austrian engineer named Stange. It has been manufactured in Switzerland since 1931, after the German Reichswehr tried it out and pronounced it one of the finest weapons of modern warfare. Since the advent of Hitlerism it is generally believed this machine gun is also being manufactured at the Rheinmetall Werke in Düsseldorf, and that the German government has placed tremendous orders. S 2–206 is reported to have a shooting range of 2,000 meters, a bullet speed of 740 meters per second, and a firing speed of 600 shots per minute. It is small: its tube is only 24 inches long; it weighs only 8.5 kilograms; and it can readily be changed into a very heavy machine gun of great usefulness, by simply changing the barrel.

Poison gas and other chemicals for warfare are manufactured at many factories which work on double shifts. Germany has always been the greatest manufacturer of chemicals, and recent new inventions will make Germany independent and far in advance of other countries in case of an emergency.

Gehe and Company in Dresden manufactures phosphorgas. Schering and Kahlbaum Werke in Berlin and the Chemische Fabriken in Billwaerder manufacture poisonous chlor, bor, and cyanogen gas, and the enormous chemical works of Heyden A. G. in Radebeul-Dresden manufacture light, invisible poison gas by a secret process. In the laboratories of the great German chemical trusts, the Ig Farben A. G., many hundreds of different kinds of chemicals are manufactured which are important ingredients of poison gas. (Rendering them suitable for warfare is a very easy task for a chemist of average experience.) These are only a few of the larger factories, but in many small laboratories experiments are being made to invent better and more deadly poisonous gases for warfare. These preparations have been made in spite of the fact that Germany has, together with thirty-five other governments, signed the Geneva Protocol, which prohibits poison gas for use in war, and is also bound by Articles 163 and 171 of the Versailles Treaty.

The aviation industry also has acquired a new impetus under the eminent leadership of the Minister of Aviation, Captain Goering. We may well remember the "attack" made on Berlin in June by foreign airplanes. Nobody saw these mysterious airplanes, the pilots of which apparently had the ability to throw anti-Nazi material into just one street, the Wilhelmstrasse, where the official buildings of

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the German government are located. Few intelligent people in Germany ever believed that it was possible for groups of foreign airplanes "of unknown type," as it was stated, to appear suddenly over Berlin and to vanish unseen. But this "air raid" has given Captain Goering the chance to advertise Germany's need for protective airplanes. The German people are thus made air-minded. No movie or newsreel is presented without propaganda showing the necessity of aviation armament for Germany.

All factories are working full blast. New factories have been established. The former locomotive works of the Henschel A.G. have been changed into an enormous factory for airplanes. Types are featured which can be easily changed into bombers. Only a few days ago, Professor Junckers, the eminent builder of airplanes in Dessau, resigned from his post as president of the Junckers Werke, as he did not approve a new type of airplane, the usefulness of which for warfare was too obvious. Airplane engineers and inventors have been ordered back to Germany. Only a few weeks ago, for instance, the German engineer Bickel, inventor of a new type of fast airplane, was ordered by Goering to return to Germany immediately to take up the manufacture of his airplanes. While thousands of technicians and engineers are without work, everybody who is trained in aircraft construction finds immediate and well-paid employment.

It is rumored that in the Koeln-Deutzer Gasmotorenfabrik 5,000 Diesel airplane motors are ready to be assembled at a moment's notice. Although it is said that they have been manufactured for Italian consumption, not one motor has been exported to Italy. Pursuit planes are manufactured in large numbers at the D.K.W. Werke in Dresden, Saxonia.

In the air, it will be easier for Germany to equal the armament of France than anywhere else. Nor must we forget that all German airlines, especially the well managed Lufthansa, are government property, or so highly subsidized that little difference can be made. Even so, it seems that the German airplane factories do not work quickly enough and do not produce enough for Captain Goering's government program. Imports, therefore, have been made extensively from the Italian and Swiss Dornier Works and also from the foreign agencies of the Junckers Werke — even from Turkey.

This is nothing unusual, for munitions and other war materials are also imported into Germany. For instance, the Siderius A. G. of Krimpier in Holland do a good business with Germany in cannon tubes, while the munition factories of Solothurn in Switzerland deliver machine guns and rifles to Germany. We can name only a few of the European manufacturers who find that business with Germany is good, but there are many names which the French government knows very well.

Immediately upon the success of Professor Piccard in the stratosphere, the German government subsidized experiments with rockets. Perhaps a war in the stratosphere is planned.

Radio factories are working on new inventions which can be used for warfare — for instance, hearing apparatus which makes it possible to hear approaching airplanes at a distance of 80 kilometers. Physicists who are working to make artificial lightning useful for warfare have made it possible to break thick armor plates with electricity.

The German people are advised to buy automobiles, and taxes have been reduced on old and abolished on new automobiles, thus increasing this important means of war transportation. Everywhere automobile clubs practice army formations. New roads and railway centers are being built throughout Germany. There is no doubt that Hitler is preparing an effective system of army transportation.

Thus Germany stands before the world, convicted of militant rearmament. The import statistics, the large number of soldiers trained under various pretexts, the warlike spirit which runs through the Nazi philosophy and the Nazi-controlled schools, in all these one may discern disturbing evidence of a will to fight — to defy the entire world, if necessary. When Hitler talks of "dying for honor," there is more than mere rhetoric in the phrase.

Thus, with zeal equal to the period prior to 1914, but more furtively, Germany's rulers to-day are building up a war spirit and a war machine. Let moralists discuss her right to do so. For most of us the situation holds grave practical dangers. Can we afford to join the ranks of those who cry, even as others did in 1914, "Germany can't — wouldn't dare"?

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SEVEN POEMS

What the world longs for is poetry. — JOHN MASEFIELD

Speak Out Your Love

Before the sure-departing ships
Are gathered to the farthest lands,
Speak with your heart and with your lips
And with the pressure of your hands.

Speak out your love! Let it not hide
Like a lost ship in deeps profound
Among the bones of things that died,
Untouched by light, bereft of sound.

Here in the perilous lands of hate
Postpone the doubts that make you wise
And look before it is too late
With utter love into loved eyes;

Lest on some unexpected day
When a ship sails, to come no more,
The watcher by the empty bay
Pace silent up and down the shore.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Mimosa

"*Les Mimosas*" the flower-girls call as they offer us branches
Along the curve of their sea a-bloom in the sunlight:
Like dust, like foam are the blooms, but many and golden
On branch that I hold in my hand. . . .
I stand in a garden
Where grows a tree that has bloom on its hundred branches,
Swaying each as though many golden birds were upon it,
And a Princess walks; there in veils of gold she is shrouded,
But like dust, like foam, I know, the heart in her bosom!

PADRAIC COLUM

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Oleander Blossoms

They come as in the progress of some young
Soldan, whose armies every day enlarge
As on he hurries toward some red-crowned city:

The dead stay with the living in their ranks
Of bloom — the withered with the fresh-come flowers:
They own no shade and no solemnity;

And if they pine at all 'tis for the noon
That makes so roseate their brake of blossoms —
A thousand thousand — pink incarnadined!

And livened by the light that's flashed from leaves,
Their finger-like green leaves, how radiant they!
Yet men will never name the oleanders

With roses for all their bright abundance,
Nor love them — no, for they have never wandered
Out of a land of shadows and of clouds!

PADRAIC COLUM

Languisoun

I shall return, Provence, some golden day
  When broom is burning yellow from the root;
I shall return when olive-girls are gay,
  Pillaging silver trees for tawny loot;
For, some day, when the mistral courses through
  The ruins of St. Rémy and Les Baux
Swirling the amber dust of Paradou,
  I shall be coming back again, I know.

Provence, you are a girl grown gently mad
  From too much dancing in the merry sun
    And too much sighing for a worthless moon.
I too have done with being blithe or sad
  By rote or reasoned rule. Oh, I have done
    With life's poor logic. . . . I shall come back soon!

TRISTAN MARC

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Microscopia

Look not too long upon dark, shifting waters,
  Nor on the pallor of the nascent moon;
Gaze not too keenly on Eve's fairest daughters,
  Nor vainly strive to read a sacred rune.
There is no form of loveliness but alters
  Under an avid eye. A perfect tune
Grows taut from too much hearing. Each thing falters
  Beneath the sultry scrutiny of noon.

Oh, I have lost all kinship with these days
  When beauty is anatomized. The wings
Of inspiration may be torn ten ways
  Yet will one never find their secret springs.
Realists, you who hold deep searching dear,
Know that I honor things as they appear.

TRISTAN MARC

Winter Milking

Five o'clock, and snow knee-deep,
More in the air before men sleep.
  The night is thick a foot behind,
  A foot before, I stumble blind
With too much light in one small space,
I lower the lantern from my face.
  Now I am in, and shut the door,
  Stamp the snow off on the floor,
Set the lantern by the sill.
The tie-up suddenly grows so still
  I hear a squeaky mouse in the bin,
  Vast, sweet breaths are taken in
Behind the door. I dole out grain,
And now the breaths rush out again,
  Stanchions rattle, bodies stir;
  I open the door on minever,
Velvet, sunshine in sleek hair,
And honey and clover in the air.
  Round eyes burn on me, tongues caress
  Blue nostrils wide with eagerness.
I put the feed-boxes in place,
Hunger furnishes the grace.

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I take my stool and pail and sit
Under a cow and stroke the teat
  With fingers in sequence down the five,
  I feel her milk come down a live,
Tinkling stream, then thick and thicker,
Between my knees ascends the liquor
  Until the warmth of it goes deep
  Into my thigh bones as I keep
The pail in place. I lean my head
Against her flank above me spread.
  I feel my blood and hers as one,
  Full of contentment and of sun.
Over the ridgepole whirls new snow,
And I bow my head and know
  That for this moment we are kin,
  This creature I have taken in
And I whose kind rose so above
The roots of earth we missed such love
  As I feel now upon my brow
  Pressed to the velvet of a cow.
Under the thousand miles of night
I sit in a tiny world of light,
  And shapes of unknown woe and death
  Go over me in the sobbing breath
Of the storm outside, but I sit calm
With love on my forehead like a palm.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Geography of Earth

The calm geography of earth
accepts the pattern of our breath,
contains the dark before the birth
of blossoms and the grooves of death.

Tranquil and generous, it holds
the broken cloud, the fallen star:
its quiet prophecy enfolds
the certain and the singular.

Out of the womb we rise to stare
at skies above a continent;
when we renounce this alien air,
we shall be suckled and content.

FRANCES FROST

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THE SOVIETS PAY THEIR BILLS

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Courtesy of Amkniga Corporation

A Russian poster invoking the people to support the policies of the Kolkhoz (Collective Farm) Trade

MOST OF THE world to-day is not paying its bills. We will pass over such intimate subjects as bank failures and farm mortgages and note that the world's foreign indebtedness at the end of 1932 was estimated to be more than fifty billion dollars — gold dollars, not to-day's dollars — that much of these debts were at that time "frozen," and that there have been several freeze-ups since. Not only do governments hold back on obligations, but they pass moratoria and establish foreign-exchange restrictions exempting their citizens from payment of private debts owed to foreign creditors.

Try to get marks out of Germany, for instance, and learn why the "blocked marks" cause international acrimony. Greece has regulations permitting only ten per cent of her commercial debts held abroad to be paid. At the other side of the world, Uruguay and Brazil have moratoria on commercial and private debts in foreign countries. I leave it to the expert and to the latest newspaper to supplement this list. Not as a financial expert but rather as a journalist, it is my purpose to describe the internal workings of the USSR, a land with which I have twelve years' acquaintance, and to tell how and why it pays its bills.

The USSR pays foreign bills in gold, or gold equivalents, which is more than even the United States does to-day. As an amusing sidelight, I personally bought, some months ago, some hundred-ruble gold bonds of the Soviet government, bought them quite respectably in Wall Street at $52 for 100 rubles. To-day they are worth between $80 and $85, since the "almighty dollar" has fallen in terms of gold.

In discussing payment of bills by the Soviet Union, I do not of course refer to those hoary debts of tsardom which all democratic organizations of the Russian people repudiated as long ago as 1905, stating openly at the time that the first "people's government" that might ever come into existence would refuse to pay these "costs of our suppression." Let whatever mixed commission chooses settle that ancient history. No one in the Soviet Union believes that his country owes them.

I refer to the bills incurred for building in recent years the industry and farming of the Soviet Union, bills for productive purposes which the public conscience accepts. Those 8,300,000,000 gold rubles (shall we call it four billion dollars or is it now over six billion?) were spent abroad for machinery, industrial equipment, and raw cotton. Of that amount

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the equivalent of $607,000,000 was spent in the United States. Much more than this might have been spent here, had terms been agreeable, uncomplicated by sudden embargoes and lack of relations. How are these bills respected by the rank and file of the Soviet citizens? How are they paid? How is it planned to pay other bills in the future? What is the final basis of security if vast sums should be loaned to Soviet industry and farming?

II

On a second-rate Siberian diner five days east of Moscow I ask for mineral water and find the supply exhausted. The waiter proffers beer, which I do not like and refuse.

"Better try it," he urges. "You won't often get such beer. It's export beer," he confides, boasting.

Dozens of citizens in the car are gaily quaffing the unexpectedly offered "export beer." They gladly pay for a bottle the price they have just bestowed for a three-course lunch. It is not lack of rubles that keeps them from quaffing this beer daily; it is because all salable products are sent abroad. Through some embargo or surplus this beer has been thrown on the home market; its quality is guaranteed by the intention of export. Therefore the citizens hastily grab it.

Nor do they once complain at the accepted principle that anything which can be sold abroad shall go to pay the nation's bills. Occasionally, Moscow hostesses brag of securing "export candy" or a few left-over cans of "export fruit." Perhaps a shipment of Daghestan canned peaches comes unexpectedly into the home market, snapped up swiftly as all such shipments are. And the purchasers remark with a cheerful smile: "We have to thank the British embargo." They mean, clearly and without rancor: "The British refuse our peaches so we are free to eat them. Otherwise — they go to pay our bills."

Throughout the Soviet Union to-day food is rationed. Though bread is adequate now after the last good harvest, butter is still reserved for children and men in heavy work. In many large areas I know of, the peasant collectives have not seen sugar for the past two years. But in 1932 some seven million dollars' worth of sugar and confectionery, and eight million dollars' worth of butter added their tiny driblets to the payment of Soviet bills abroad.

"Let them take the last pound of butter and give us the Five-Year Plan three months sooner," said an aviation engineer to me. "Life can be very sweet without sugar," said Saullit, president of a North Caucasus commune. Not everyone is so heroic. People suffer, people grumble, but one thing is never suggested: that the Soviet Union should fail to pay its bills. Can this be said to-day of any other country? No, for no other country incurred its bills for universally desired productive purposes!

Of all the goods to-day exported to pay for imports, there is almost nothing that would not gladly be consumed at home. The export items running above ten million gold rubles in value during the first six months of 1933 were as follows, in millions of gold rubles:

Oil products	44.9
Furs	23.5
Crude metals	16.1
Cloth	15.5
Lumber	10.7
Flax	10.6

Together these made up more than half of all exports. These articles were sent abroad as the most readily spared of any; yet for every one of these things citizens and institutions stand in line.

In what other country would citizens endure without riot the establishment of thirteen hundred Torgsin stores, which incidentally bring in a million dollars in gold weekly for the use of foreign trade? The much desired cotton goods, shoes, butter, and sugar can be obtained in these stores for gold or foreign currency only. I have seen mountaineers come down from the Caucasus and peasants come in from Volga valleys bringing gold brooches, rings, coins, pounds, and dollars to buy some needed supplement to their scanty supply of food or goods, and thus pay the nation's bills abroad.

Heroically or grumblingly, they accept the situation. For it has been explained so often that everyone knows it, that thus they pay the bills for machines and industry to make their country independent. They may complain at the distribution of burdens, and complaints

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may rise to a roar against wreckers who waste or misuse the machines so hardly come by; but never do they suggest a moratorium. Such is the will of the people in the payment of Soviet bills.

III

But they don't intend to pay bills by this method much longer. They don't have to any more. Already in the first Five-Year Plan they have bought abroad all they need of industrial equipment more to be desired than butter. They have achieved sufficient independence so that they need not repeat such sacrifices. Henceforth they will buy only what is obtainable on easier terms.

Stalin told them so last January, when he reported on the fulfilment of the Five-Year Plan, "93.7 per cent accomplished at the end of four years" in the sphere of industrial output. He said: "We have already in the main transferred industry, agriculture, and transport to a new, modern, technical base and have raised the defense of the country to the proper level. It is no longer necessary to whip up and spur on the country." And while the second Five-Year Plan proposes to increase industrial output 13 or 14 per cent annually as against 22 per cent in the first Five-Year Plan, the emphasis is to be laid on "mastery of equipment" and on raising the internal standard of living.

What this means in foreign purchases was seen in the report by Rosenholtz, Commissar of Finance, on the fifteen years of foreign trade completed in April, 1933. He stated: "We are no longer dependent on foreign imports. . . . We can contract or expand our purchases. . . . We will expand only on the basis of a considerable change in the financial-credit conditions, a lengthening of terms and a conversion of commercial credits to financial credits. We shall not expand our imports under conditions of overpayments such as have heretofore frequently been effected by abnormally high interest. We shall take into account conditions afforded for our export and the existence of normal trade and political relations. With such conditions we could expand our purchases to such a degree that they would become a very considerable factor in the business life of the countries trading with us; but in the absence of these conditions we shall contract our imports."

This means that the Soviet Union will no longer pay for machines by exporting into a falling market the necessities of life, as they had to do to pay their bills in the first Five-Year Plan. If there are goods at bargain prices and good terms, they will buy in vast quantities; if not, they will do without. If they buy abroad any great addition to power plants, railroads, and steel mills, they will pay as other nations have done, by bonds at reasonable rates over long periods; otherwise they will not buy them. To this decision the will of 160,000,000 people, each of whom has felt in his own standard of living the pinch of paying the nation's bills for the past five years, gives glad assent.

In August of this year, the Soviet Union achieved a favorable balance of trade for the first time since the world depression compelled her to unload into a falling world market ever more and more goods in payment of bills contracted when prices were high. She achieved this favorable balance by a drastic cut in imports, from 517,000,000 gold rubles in the first six months of 1931 to 190,000,000 in the first six months of 1933. During the past two years she has reduced outstanding indebtedness by 443,000,000 gold rubles. While the USSR has not recently published total figures of outstanding indebtedness, the estimates reached by the American Foundation's survey give it as some $365,000,000 to $370,000,000 (July 1 figure; now lower), which it is clear can be paid in the normal course of business during the next two years.

The 279-page report of this foundation gives much space to the trade and credit agreements with Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and other countries, sixteen in all. Typical is the one concluded with Germany in 1926, guaranteeing three hundred million marks' credit, half on light equipment to be paid for within two years, and half on heavy equipment to be paid for within four years. As these bills came due, and were retired, there were renewals of credit, each time on more favorable terms. Not one of these many countries has complained that the Soviet government failed to pay bills when due. In spite of friction within Germany over semi-official raids on Soviet business es-

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tablishments, Germany is extremely anxious for Soviet orders and has gone to considerable length this past year to get them. She hastened to apologize officially for the slur cast on Soviet credit by the hot-headed Goering, testifying at the Reichstag trial.

American trade with the Soviet Union (as reported by the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce) was in 1930 and 1931 especially favorable to America. In those two years the USSR bought goods worth $218,000,000, chiefly machinery and raw cotton, about five times what tsarist Russia used to buy. It sold us in those two years goods worth $37,000,000 (on some of which we finally put an embargo), giving us a favorable balance of $181,000,000. In spite of difficulties created by lack of credits and diplomatic relations and by our imposition of sudden embargoes, there was not one unpaid bill or major lawsuit. We lost that trade through conditions we ourselves created, in which no business could flourish. Part of our loss was gained by Europe; part was covered by contraction of Soviet imports.

I find more excitement to-day in America over Soviet trade than I left behind in Moscow. America is more anxious to sell than the Soviet Union is to buy. The USSR could absorb profitably and as means to increasing production the billion dollars' worth of purchases cited by Litvinoff in London. But Moscow faces realities; she doesn't expect to get these for nothing and will carefully count the cost and method of payment before she decides to buy.

But America is killing two hundred thousand brood sows lest they give birth to two million pigs; she is plowing her cotton lands under; she has warehouses of tractors and farm machinery on which her manufacturers cannot pay storage. Any kind of financing which will move these things and give some kind of repayment sometime is profitable for America.

IV

How would the USSR pay for large purchases, assuming perhaps a bond issue, "financial instead of commercial credits," amortized over thirty years? The Soviet Union has, through her system of planning, complete control over all her resources. She experiences no anarchic "flight of capital" from her banks to foreign countries through withdrawals made by citizens, as has occurred in London, Berlin, and now in New York. No capital leaves or enters her borders save through central planning — if one discounts a small amount of smuggling.

To give one minor instance, the newspaper with which I am connected, the *Moscow Daily News*, gains some thirty or more thousands of dollars yearly through its sales on the newsstands of the world. Not ten cents of this can we spend abroad for foreign correspondents or a foreign circulation manager, except as this is grudgingly allotted by the Commissariat of Finance. These dollars of ours are not "ours" but state monopoly; and the State gives them to us in Moscow rubles, reserving the dollars for the country's foreign trade. Every individual or industrial concern in the Soviet Union is under similar restrictions — which is one of the reasons it is so hard for Soviet citizens to go abroad. Every penny of foreign value, gained by export, tourist trade, or Torgsin stores, is used in planned fashion for paying foreign bills.

So in planning repayment of large-scale credits to America, the Soviet Union is able to discuss repayment concretely, in terms of gold and goods. America also will have to discuss concretely, and not as she has done with Europe, lending money and then preventing repayment by tariff walls. It will be for America to state in advance just what we will take in repayment, and when. There are many Soviet products which are of use to us: furs, asbestos, manganese, even oil for the Mediterranean market.

There is a strong school of opinion in the State Planning Board in Moscow which favors a maximum repayment in gold, which, incidentally, increases in value as the dollar goes off the gold standard. They would spend a large amount from any granted credit in buying gold dredges and modern equipment for swift development of gold fields, earmarking certain fields exclusively for repayment of the debt.

During the past year, there has been considerable propaganda carried on in the United States casting doubt on all the natural resources of the Soviet Union, from gold to coal and iron and even farmlands. There is no space here to take up these assertions in much detail, save to point out that most of them are based on pre-war figures or on estimates made before

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the Five-Year Plan set tens of thousands of explorers mapping the wealth of the Soviets.

Sir George Paish, eminent British economist, writing last February on the "limited life of the South African gold fields" and the "anxiety lest the world's gold supplies should prove insufficient to meet requirements," added: "In Russia gold is known to exist in large quantities, and, had it not been for the war, Russia to-day would probably be producing gold on a scale that would remove all anxiety as to future supplies."

Even the lowest figures on the Soviet gold reserves, those given by Isaac Don Levine in *Red Smoke* and based on ancient history, estimate these reserves as ten million pounds, worth some three billion gold dollars, or considerably more in present-day dollars. An article entitled "Gold," published in 1919 by the Russian Academy of Scientists, written by a number of scientists including E. E. Anert, estimates 21,500,000-pound weight of gold, or twice the Levine estimate. Since that time there has been an unprecedented increase in all kinds of exploration (twenty-one hundred geological survey parties alone going out in 1931 with seventy thousand workers, and an even larger number in 1932), and although figures of gold reserves are not officially published, it is well-known that prospecting in each of the past three years has, in the words of A. Serebrovsky, chairman of the gold industry, "considerably increased the known reserves of gold." It is also known that the present gold output is worth some sixty million dollars yearly, and that it is planned by 1937 to bring this output up to equal that of South Africa. We may yet see the socialist Soviet Union chief backer of the world's gold standard, if that standard continues to exist.

Five years ago, setting off for the Pamirs from the little caravan town of Osh in Central Asia, I encountered no less than three distinct scientific expeditions exploring that single inhospitable corner of the USSR. During the past three years, thousands of scientists have been busily mapping the Arctic on heroic expeditions which have won fame in the outside world. But the world outside knows little of the fact that hundreds of thousands of ordinary hiking tourists on vacation and millions of school children under direction comb the country for new plants, strange minerals, and natural resources. Their findings in the past five years have been enormous.

Thus the coal reserves, which in 1917 were estimated at 130,000,000,000 tons on the present territory of the USSR, are now estimated (January 1, 1933 figures from the new *Handbook of the Soviet Union*) at 1,200,000,000,000 tons, or 13.5 per cent of the world's resources. Iron, estimated as slightly more than two billion tons in 1917, is estimated now as over nine billion, a close second to the United States, and four per cent of the world's resources. This is exclusive of the famous Krivoy Rog quartzite deposits and the famous Kursk magnetic anomaly, which, due to its depth, is as yet incompletely explored, but which scientists estimate as equal to the world's total deposits known in 1926, and of which they write that it may "postpone by centuries the exhaustion of the world's supply of this metal on which modern civilization rests."

Copper deposits, known in 1917 as 1,392,000 tons, were known last January as 15,800,000 tons, while newly discovered Blyava deposits on Middle Volga have this summer threatened to change the proportions of the supply of this metal among the nations of the world. In oil the present known reserves are three billion tons, from 30 to 40 per cent of the world's total; in peat 65,000,000,000 tons, or three fourths of the peat in the world. The largest forests on earth and the largest reserves of grain lands fill out this picture. Yet by the close of the Five-Year Plan two thirds of Soviet territory is still listed, "unexplored."

From which of these resources is America willing to accept payment for any Soviet loan to be granted? That is for America to discuss in concrete detail with representatives of a country which plans and administers all its resources as one unit, and whose citizens back its will to pay. There will be able business men on both sides driving good bargains. For to-day the Soviet Union does not come as a beggar, but as an independent country which, capable of using at once vast quantities of goods, is also able to wait. She will accept no goods until she knows the date and method of repayment; if the offer is great enough, she will replan her national industry accordingly and, when the bills fall due, will pay.

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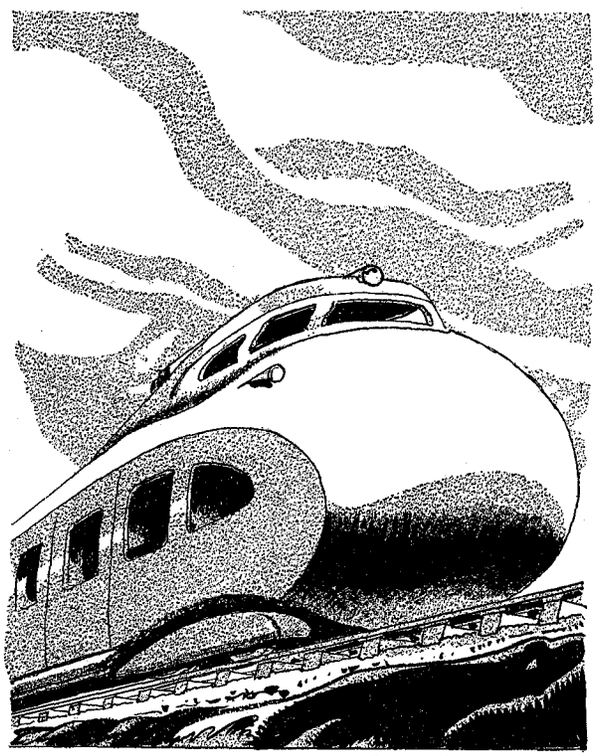
TEARDROPS FOR TEARS

Our Sick Railroads Call a Scientific Doctor

BY RUSSELL HOLT PETERS



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

OUR RAILROADS are giving up tears for teardrops! And before I am accused of undue flippancy let me hasten to explain that I write in all seriousness, and that the aforementioned exchange will affect every person in the country possessed of the money and the desire to go places.

It should be said that the tears noted above were and are very real and very salty. They flowed freely in every legislative chamber and in every railway-commission hearing room. They were shed — and sadly enough are still being shed, although in decreasing volume — by railroad executives who had come from the Biblical seven years of plenty into a distressing seven years of famine. No one, unless the railroad executives themselves, has expected much to come from this display of sorrow. Legislators, who take their cue from the voters, have not been very sympathetic. The federal government has appointed a railroad co-ordinator, but on his program of action is a reduction in top salaries. For the railroad man who has seen more than one Pullman come overland without enough passengers for a table of bridge there is no hope in sight.

No hope? Well, perhaps that is an overstatement. There are, to be sure, the teardrops. Let me explain.

To a scientist "teardrop" has nothing in common with tears except its shape. To him a teardrop is a blunt-nosed, sleek-sided object designed to travel with the minimum amount of resistance to the wind. The teardrop is a fetish with the aviation industry — one of the great gods before whom plane-designers salaam reverently. To a lesser degree it is the concern of the automobile industry. It will concern them more as the years advance. In short, a teardrop is a streamline, and streamlining can be defined very simply: it is the molding of surfaces so that they will pass through the atmosphere with the least possible interference.

Those few who follow closely technical developments in this country have known for some time that the railroads were flirting with streamlined cars lightened through the use of aluminum alloys or stainless steel. But this appeared to be a mild flirtation in no wise comparable to the ardent affairs in progress in Germany and France. Hence the shock a few months ago when first the Union Pacific and then the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy announced their betrothals to streamlining. Whether the greater revolution was in the new designs or in the attitude of the super-conservative railways is difficult to say.

THE SHOE PINCHES

TO GET THE proper setting go back a few years. The time is 1920, and the goose hangs

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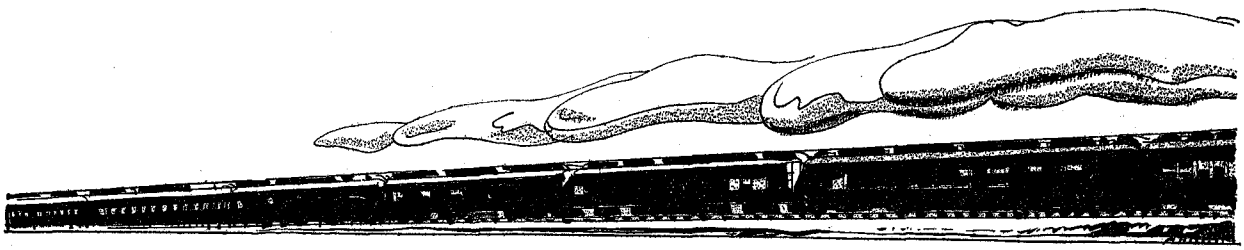

high. The country is in the tail end of its post-war prosperity, and the railroads are creating incredible new records in passenger transportation. As the year draws to a close, and the railroads take stock, they discover that 1,234,862,048 persons have been carried during the twelve months. Carried, furthermore, nearly 50,000,000,000 miles. Revenue is 32 per cent above the 1911 baseline. The railroads have never seen anything like it. They are blissfully unaware that they run the risk of never seeing anything like it again. Just one year later, passenger revenues are off 22 per cent. And, with the exception of a little flurry in 1923, revenues decrease each year, until in 1932 they are 48 per cent below 1911. In 1890, almost 44 years ago, the railroads carried more passengers than they do to-day!

These figures become more amazing when it is considered that they include the Coolidge "prosperity era." The public may be staying home now, but it wasn't then. Figures on automobiles and trucks and busses tell the story. The public was taking to the road, and the 8,000,000 motor cars registered in 1920 had swelled to 23,000,000 in 1930. Even in 1932 there were 20,000,000 motorists who could afford license plates. As for trucks, there were 1,000,000 in 1920, over 3,000,000 in 1932.

The foregoing paragraph explains the railroad man's biggest headache. The airplane, spectacular though its growth has been, is still but a drop in the transportation bucket. Nevertheless, in view of this cumulative decrease in passenger travel it is fair to ask why the railroads, to all intents and purposes, stood still until 1933. The answer is simple. The financial shoe did not begin to pinch until after 1929. On the contrary, net earnings climbed, with only one break, until 1930. They went well over the $1,000,000,000 mark in 1925 and stayed there five years. The roads were learning how to save on coal and locomotives, and the freight train was carrying the load. But — ! Three years later $1,000,000,000 earnings had fallen to $326,363,789, the figure for all Class I railroads for 1932!

While money from freight traffic was tumbling into their treasuries, the thoughts of the railroads on the subject of their passenger business can be fairly summed up in two words — practically none. In fact the traveling public was inclined to gain the impression that it was being carried at a loss anyway. Ticket rates, especially Pullman surcharges, did not, however, lend weight to the idea.

When 1933 rolled around, and practically every price tag but a railroad ticket had been revised downward, the criticism of the railroads swelled to a clamor. It succeeded finally in bringing meager concessions in the form of excursion rates and an occasional two-cent mile experiment. But many of the excursions were for long hauls, where the railroads can balance comfort against the lower prices offered by bus companies. And the railroads deliberately threw away their one formidable weapon and wrote their excursion tickets to read, "Not good in sleeping cars."

Just prior to the depression it is true that a few western roads did make abortive attempts to recapture some of their slipping passenger business. They inaugurated super de luxe trains with soda fountains, bedroom cars (which Europe has had for years), and roller bearings as the principal features. But the railroads talked about these innovations as though they were the absolute millennium in travel. Unquestionably the trains which have them are comfortable, but they are also expensive to build and operate, and they are not particularly fast as speed is figured these days.

Running time between some points (New York and Chicago, for example) has been lowered, but even now it is often slower than it was ten or more years ago! Air-conditioning

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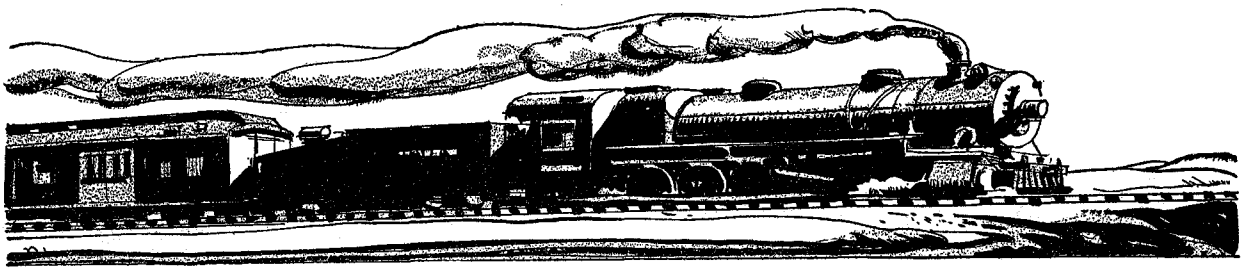

was introduced by the Baltimore and Ohio and has been adopted elsewhere, but that is about all. Railroad progress cannot stand comparison with the advance in automobile, bus, and plane transportation. That is why the layman sees the railroad man as an ostrich, head deep in the sand. But this is not quite fair. For the layman has not often considered three things: the psychology of the average railroad organization, the huge investment in rolling stock, and the comparative poverty of many of the Class I roads.

Railroad men and bankers (and frequently they are one and the same) are America's apostles of conservatism. The majority of railroad executives have never been anything else but railroad employees. Years of labor and the deaths of superiors have enabled them to reach the top. And because of their long association with the industry, they have subconsciously felt possessed of a God-given right to carry the public and its freight. This feeling has not aided them in waking to the threat of new forms of competition. Rather did they incline to maintain that their troubles were due to unfair public policies. Here is a report of the public-relations committee of the eastern roads, dated July, 1933:

> Depression has touched all fields of economic activity, of course. The railroads are not unique in their record of reduced business and lower earnings. But the seriousness of their present plight and the practical destruction of their credit are not due solely to national depression. They are also due to public policies, state and national, which not only permit but encourage unfair competition with the railroads — policies which justly require the railroads to pay all of their own costs, but which freely grant subsidies from public funds to carriers by water, by highway, and by air. . . . These unjust and inequitable public policies are the real basis of the present railroad problem.

The Revolution Approaches

W. A. Harriman is the youthful chairman of the board of the Union Pacific lines. He differs radically in point of view from the average, super-conservative railroad board chairman, and only such a liberal (speaking in transportation terms) could have issued the statement that he did when his railway announced its new speed train last summer. He said:

> Passenger travel on the railroads of the United States has been steadily declining since the peak year of 1920. The executive officers of the Union Pacific several months ago reached the conclusion that to save and restore passenger business to the railroads would necessitate the development of a radically different type of passenger equipment.

There seems little reason to doubt that Harriman was the impelling force behind this change in policy — a change that may alter the entire history of railroading. It was, of course, not entirely unforeseen by some outsiders. Last February the Union Pacific had assigned E. E. Adams, Vice President in charge of purchases and standards, to study "ideas for improved railroad passenger equipment, services, and methods that may be found practicable to provide for greater convenience and flexibility for the traveling public."

Adams' task was to develop a train that would operate safely at a speed well above the present and do it economically and comfortably. Speed alone was no problem. In fact speed is such an old story that the record for fast train travel was set 32 years ago, when a Plant Line train ran 120 miles an hour down in Florida. The present Union Pacific passenger locomotives, series 7,000, are capable of a top of 105 miles an hour. But speed with present equipment is costly.

The result of all this was that Adams came out of his drafting room with an entirely new type of train — light, economical, and comparatively inexpensive. Union Pacific has given out no figures, but it is reliably reported that the road hopes to operate the train at a profit for not more than one and one-half cents per

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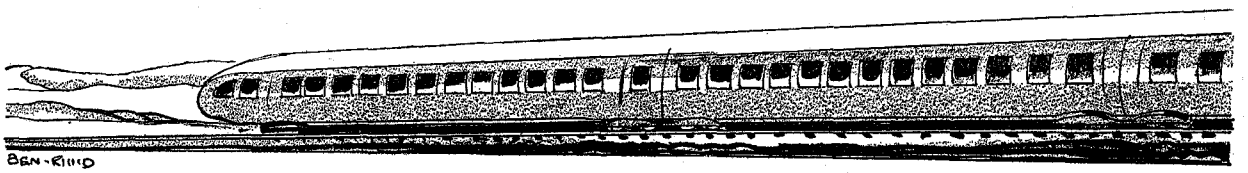

passenger per mile. The charm of this figure, which may ultimately be bettered, is realized more fully when it is compared to the basic fare of 3.6 cents per mile now permitted to the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Adams and his colleagues were not, of course, working entirely in the dark when they designed their new speed train. There were earlier pioneers in both Europe and America. Germany's "Flying Hamburger" carries 100 passengers between Hamburg and Berlin at a speed of 93 miles an hour. In France the Bugatti "automotrices" carry 60 passengers each over the 230 miles between Paris and Cherbourg in three hours and fifteen minutes.

A Budd-Michelin car operates on the Reading line at a cost of a quarter of a cent a mile. It travels between 70 and 80 miles an hour and has a high comfort rating. On the Michigan Central between Chicago and Detroit is the AutoTram, a coach which makes from 85 to 100 miles an hour under the power of a sixteen-cylinder gasoline engine. And Ingersoll-Rand has been testing an 85-mile-an-hour train on the Louisville and Nashville. All these experiments are, however, in the short-haul class. Perhaps more significant than these is the new Pullman exhibit of aluminum cars weighing but half as much as the standard 85-ton cars. Aluminum and stainless steel are the materials in which the trains of the future are being worked.

Child of the Wind Tunnel

If a train can be said to have a parent, then the wind tunnel is the mother of the Union Pacific and Burlington speed trains. In this lie-detector of advanced transportation the new designs were tested, and from the data obtained in those tests emerged the finished streamlined cars.

The Union Pacific model was tested in the University of Michigan wind tunnel, with Ralph Upson, aeronautical engineer, in charge. Associated with him were William B. Stout, famous designer of all-metal monoplanes, and Mr. Adams. Here was their problem: A conventional train, traveling 30 miles an hour, requires 50 horsepower to overcome air drag. But increase the speed of the train to 90 miles an hour and its inefficient design will take 1,350 horsepower to combat this resistance! This is where the teardrop lines come in. The teardrop looks like a swollen apple seed and it moves with its blunt end forward. But the air slips around its sides, strikes no obstructions to cause eddies, and exerts a forward squeeze on the sharpened tail, much as a small boy shoots an apple seed by pressing it between his thumb and forefinger.

Let Mr. Upson tell about the problems of streamlining. In a conventional train design, the tremendous horsepower used at high speeds he says, "goes partly into overcoming skin friction of the air against the surface of the train. But much the greater part goes directly into the air in the form of eddies and disturbances due to projecting parts, abrupt edges, and generally improper shape.

"It has long been the curse of railway trains that they could still run, after a fashion, even with the worse possible shape. On the other hand, the airplane had to be fairly efficient to fly at all. Hence the study of air drag was undertaken first as a necessary condition of air transport; but having been done, a similar method is now available also for railway trains. . . . Our figures show that *the good old railway train, properly redesigned, has possibilities of power economy not possessed by any other known fast vehicle!*"

The Union Pacific train that was born of the wind tunnel is light and beautifully streamlined. It has three cars capable of carrying 116 passengers at 90 miles an hour with an expend-

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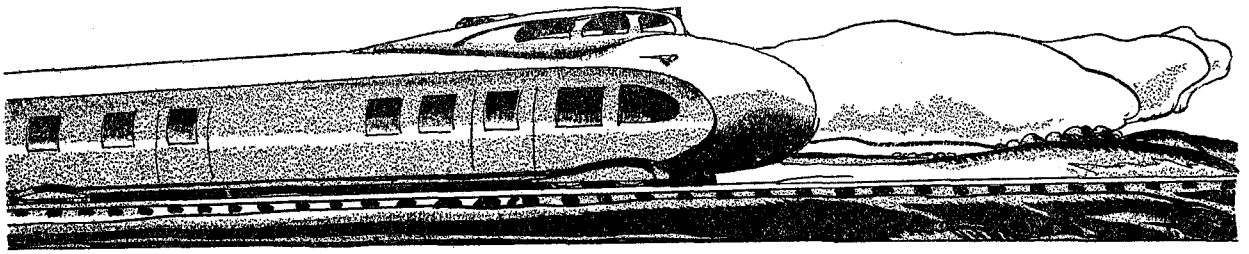

iture of only 500 of its 600 horsepower. Built of aluminum alloy (the Burlington train uses stainless steel), it weighs but 80 tons and will replace a 1,000-ton, ten-car train that requires 3,400 horsepower to operate at the same rate of speed. The new train will not of course seat an equal number of passengers with an old-style train of ten cars, but the road, in making this estimate, has assumed that additional speed and comfort will attract more passengers in proportion to capacity than have the poorly patronized long haulers of recent years.

Economy, Safety, Comfort

The new train looks like a caterpillar on wheels. Its sole resemblance to the conventional railway coach is its use of tracks. Starting at the blunt, rounded nose its lines run unbroken for 205 feet to the slightly pointed rear end. Four trucks of four wheels each support the train, the center two being articulated at each end of the middle car. To eliminate eddies the egg-shaped sides are carried down to cover half the wheels; the underbody is as smooth as the sleek sides and top. There are no vestibule exits. The doors are set back from the ends of the cars and they, like the windows, are flush with the sides. To preserve an unbroken streamline on curves and replacing the familiar bellows arrangement joining vestibuled cars, there is an ingenious metal contraption like a sliding garage door between each car.

Up in the nose is a twelve-cylinder, V-type motor of 600 horsepower, burning a non-explosive distillate fuel, nearly identical with that used in a household oil-burner. A gallon of it, costing four cents, will enable the train to run a mile and a quarter. The average fuel cost of the ordinary locomotive is twenty cents a mile! Large fuel tanks give the new train a cruising radius of 1,200 miles.

The engine drive is to a generator which supplies power for two electric motors mounted on the front trucks. These motors will give the train a maximum speed of 110 miles an hour — 30 miles an hour over the estimated cruising speed. There is nothing radical or untried in this type of power transmission, either. It is rapidly becoming common in ship design and is in use in the aircraft carriers *Saratoga* and *Lexington*. It is positive and smooth and permits of instant acceleration.

Above the engine and a trifle back sits the engineer in a streamlined compartment. Windows on three sides give him visibility. Above him is a streamlined headlight and an open steel shell housing six exhaust pipes. Below him and slightly in front are two auxiliary headlights. The Burlington train seats the engineer directly in front and protects the train with the familiar cowcatcher, whereas the Union Pacific design replaces the latter with its smooth metal nose, around which is run a woven steel bumper. And right here is a most interesting safety feature of this train.

Since it will travel largely over level country crisscrossed by roads and grade crossings, the problem of striking a car or truck or even a cow or hog is a very real one. It looms larger when one considers the speed at which these trains will be traveling and the physical fact that force of impact increases as the square of the speed. Ninety miles an hour means 132 feet a second! More than one railroad man shakes his head dubiously at the thought of collision in one of these speedsters. He is accustomed to pitting 1,000 tons, headed by a massive locomotive, against the two tons of the average automobile, and the thought of scaling his advantage to 80 tons frightens him. But scientific designers believe they have the answer. In the first place, the steel bumper on the Union Pacific train is strong enough to cut an automobile in two if struck squarely. Secondly, if the impact is glancing, the resiliency of the nose operates much like the spring bumper of an

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automobile; it is expected to absorb a great part of the shock.

Back of the nose and engine of the train is a railway post-office compartment. Then a baggage compartment that houses also an air-compressor and auxiliary heater. That completes the first car. The second seats sixty persons in comfortable reclining chairs. Washrooms are at the rear end, as are the entrances and their folding steps. The third car is nearly a replica of the second; it seats four fewer passengers and has at its extreme end a buffet kitchen.

A multitude of innovations in the matter of safety devices have been incorporated in the new train. One is the "dead-man control." It requires the engineer to keep his thumb on a lever and his foot on a pedal at all times while the train is in motion. Should he remove either, the train comes to a full stop. It is figured that an engineer might slump forward and still grip the hand lever or fall to the floor and still press the foot pedal, but that he couldn't possibly do both.

It is believed that this train can jump the track and roll over at high speed without seriously injuring any of its passengers. This is because of the strong lateral and longitudinal ribbing used in its construction. All luggage will be stored under the seats, thus eliminating the possibility of injury from its falling from overhead.

Windows are of shatterproof glass, of heavy plate especially made for this purpose. They are fixed in place and cannot be opened, ventilation being accomplished through the new air-conditioning method.

The brakes are ingenuity itself. An automatic device prevents their release unless they are in perfect working order. They are known as "electro-pneumatic," electricity having supplanted air in the interest of more flexible action and more complete control. To insure smooth as well as positive deceleration, a new device provides for uniform pressure on the shoes and also releases pressure gradually as the speed decreases, thus eliminating wheel-locking and skidding. Nor will the passengers experience any more of the neck-snapping jerks and jars familiar to anybody who has ever traveled by rail.

Air-conditioning will provide uniform temperature within the cars. Filtering and the absence of suction along the roadbed will do away with dust. Tight construction will eliminate drafts. The sticking window, too, has had its evil day. Rubber insulation for the motor and roller bearings for the wheels will cut vibration to a minimum, while sealed windows will do the same for noise. Unquestionably, it sounds like a traveler's paradise. Unfortunately, it has not yet become an actuality.

Jules Verne or Dry Rot

There is some misconception about the speed these new trains may be expected to maintain. I have seen it written that 90 miles an hour will be a safe average. Veteran railroad men don't believe it. On straight stretches, perhaps, but the curves on the Union Pacific are banked for heavy-train speeds of only 40 to 70 miles per hour. The low center of gravity on the new trains may increase this, but nobody has yet learned how to upset the laws of physics.

Schedules, however, will unquestionably be cut drastically. Burlington hopes to reduce a 6- to 7-hour run between Omaha and Kansas City to about 4 hours. And Union Pacific plans to make the 59- to 64-hour run from Omaha to the coast in 40 hours. If similar reductions are accomplished, the railroads will have added materially to their advantages over the bus lines, although they will not, of course, be able to compete with the airlines. The roads will offer, instead, fast travel in a vehicle hitherto unequaled for comfort, and at a really attractive price. There, in a sentence, is the threat of the speed train against existing railroad passenger equipment.

At present the new trains are costing $200,000 apiece. Quantity production should cut this figure. Fuel costs will be lowered 75 per cent. The Pullman Company is working on designs for sleeping cars for these trains. Here, then, is a realm of infinite possibility. True, it may sound like a chapter from Jules Verne. One railroad official said to me, "I'll be glad to stand on the road and watch that train go by. You can ride in it." But even if opinion is by no means unanimous, progress of some sort is vital if the railroads are to continue as factors in long-distance passenger transportation. They may not like the Jules Verne innovations, but their alternative appears to be dry rot.

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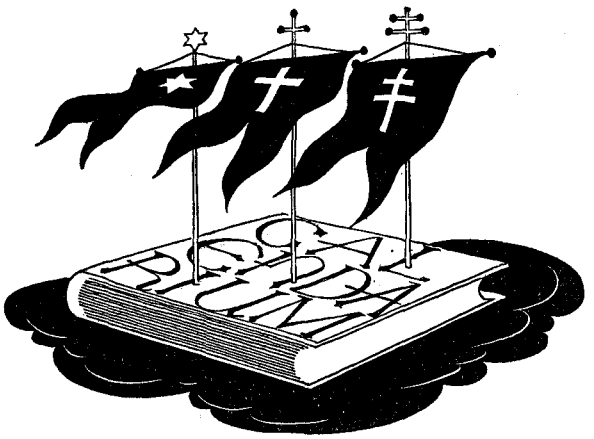
A CODE FOR THE CHURCHES

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES



I AM CONCERNED in this article not so much with religion, as with the churches as the organized expression of religion. I am alarmed by their condition and challenged by their need. For there is a religious depression to-day as well as an industrial depression. Not for four years merely but for four decades at least, the life of the churches has been running out. In all things spiritual as well as material we have been perishing. But we are being reminded in these exciting days that there is a road of economic recovery for the nation. Then why not a road of spiritual recovery for the world? If the nation is pulling itself together in a great effort which it is hoped may restore prosperity to the people, why may not the churches pull themselves together in a similar effort to make religion prosperous and powerful — once more a dominant force in the destinies of men?

It is this question which prompts me to propose a Code for the Churches, as follows:

(1) I would have the churches highly resolve and solemnly pledge themselves, one to the other, not to engage in cutthroat competition. This means frankly and fully the abandonment of denominationalism and the actual establishment of a united church.

It might be regarded as a specific application of the National Recovery Act to the field of religion. The essence of this great program of reform is the repudiation for good and all of that doctrine of *laissez-faire* — of "rugged individualism" — which lies at the heart of our crumbling capitalism. Now, in more ways than one, our contemporary Protestantism may not unfairly be regarded as the religion of capitalism. Certainly it is the religion of individualism — and the day of individualism, in the nineteenth-century meaning of the word, has gone forever. This is one of the reasons why religion is failing in our time, and a prime reason why, if religion is to survive, it must put aside its sectarian divisions and rivalries. Denominationalism is wasteful, extravagant, inefficient. It is unsocial and by the same token irreligious. For the things which divide the churches are non-essentials, while the essence of religion is the thing that should make them one.

(2) I would have the churches pledge themselves to fidelity to truth. This is a general proposition which in our time has concrete significance. It means specifically that the churches must follow the lead and accept the data of science, for science to-day is the custodian of truth.

In saying this, I do not refer to any doctrines of science, for science, unlike theology, has no doctrines. The teachings of science are always tentative, for the scientist is exploring a boundless universe and is therefore continually discovering new facts in hitherto untrodden territory. When I say that the churches should follow the lead of science I have in mind the conception of science not as a dogma but as a method — that method of observation, investigation, experimentation which has given us all the truth we have.

The scientific method has discovered a new

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world, into which has survived the old world of the churches. Their theological picture of the cosmos is valuable as a record of the past, but as a presentation of reality it is valueless. To-day we must sit at the feet of Newton and Darwin, Einstein and Millikan and learn from them the facts which must comprise the theology of the future. And this theology will be real! For science is not the negation of religion. It is rather the skeleton of that living organism of which religion is the flesh and blood.

(3) A third article of our Code must be a new pledge of the churches to democracy — the recognition of the divine worth of the individual and the acceptance therefore of all sorts and conditions of men as equal members of one common fellowship of the spirit.

God, we are told, is "no respecter of persons." But religion is! The churches have always made discrimination between men. Thus Paul, who said there should be "neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free," drew a sharp line of sex distinction in the early churches. James records that in his day the churches had respect for "the man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel," as contrasted with the "poor man in vile raiment." Always there has been the distinction between the orthodox and the unorthodox, the saved and the lost. And the color line has almost invariably been drawn between the pews.

This, of course, in any true religious sense, is impossible. The churches, if they would live, must be democracies in the sense that all men are spiritually enfranchised. There can be no recovery from the spiritual depression except on the basis of brotherhood.

(4) As a fourth article of the Code, I would lay upon the churches a pledge to oppose nationalism and war, which is the perfect fruit of nationalism.

How can men ever be united, even before the altars of God, when they are separated by national frontiers? How can we have love and peace in the world, when, for any reason of selfish interest or injured pride, nation may take up arms against nation and conscript citizens to the foul business of butchery upon one another? War is foolish because it is futile, wasteful, destructive; but, more, it is damnable because it is a violation of the spirit which makes men one. And we are never going to get rid of war until we get rid of nationalism, which breeds war as decay breeds maggots — get rid of nationalism in the world as we got rid of sectionalism in the United States, by subduing all political divisions to the rule of the common will in the interest of the common life.

(5) Again, I would demand a solemn oath of the churches to fight poverty and all the degradation, misery, and death which are the spawn of poverty.

In the causes of poverty I am not here interested. How to get rid of poverty I do not choose here to discuss. What I am concerned with is the fateful fact that there can be no true religion in the world so long as poverty and wealth divide society into hell and heaven. There can be no vindication of religion so long as the majority of men in a world made rich with the divine bounty are denied anything but the barest means of subsistence — and oftentimes not that! What has religion to say for itself in a country which destroys its wheat while millions starve and which plows under its cotton while millions are in rags? How can the churches preach brotherhood in a land where one per cent of the people hold thirty-three per cent of the wealth, and eighty-six per cent of the people are classified as "poor"?

There can be no recovery of religion until such a state of things is ended. And I would commit the churches to any program no matter how drastic which will begin the achievement of this boon.

(6) Still again I propose that the churches bind themselves to the task of exterminating prejudice.

What prejudice is the sociologist reveals in his study of man's struggle for economic survival; the psychologist sheds additional light in his doctrine of the fear complex; the religionist makes disclosures in his history of cults and rituals. All agree that this passion which divides race from race and group from group has its roots in superstition. To-day it rages and ravages like a pestilence and threatens to sweep the world like a spiritual Black Death.

But some day the cure must come! Meanwhile for the churches there can be no compromise, for as long as prejudice endures the world is not safe, and life not worth the living.

(7) Lastly, there remains another task — a final article in our religious Code. It concerns

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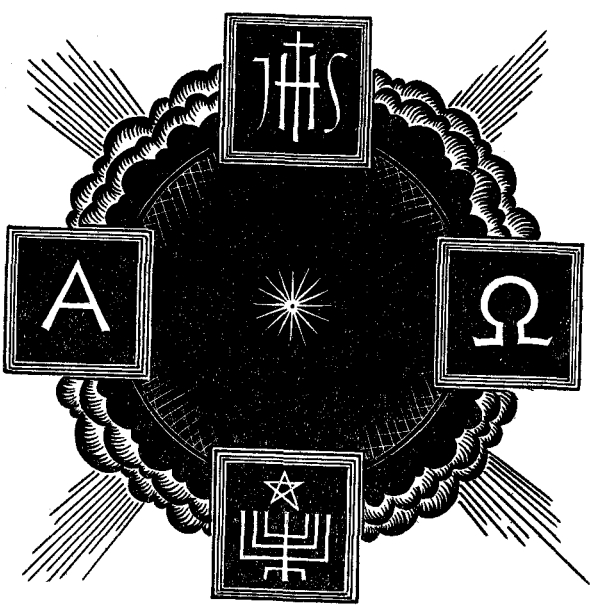
man not in his social relationships but in his personal life. It involves a pledge of the churches to the august mission of reconciling man to his fated life upon this planet.

"Religion," says Professor Whitehead, of Harvard, "is what the individual does with his own solitariness." There is a fundamental truth in this statement, but it is none the less defective. What is man's "solitariness"? When does a man ever get away from himself — still more from the cosmos which encompasses him? Whatever else man has to do, he has to live with himself, and in a world so stupendous, so fearful, so cruel as to baffle and all but overwhelm him. To-day as never before, when the very pillars of the firmament seem to be tottering, he wants to know what it all means. Who am I? Why am I here? What am I supposed to be doing? Why should I suffer pain, frustration, defeat? What is evil, and how can it be explained? What is death, and where does it lead? Is there a soul — and a God? Those are man's questions. The church grappled with them in the ancient day and wrought out to answer them a theology which still stands as one of the consummate achievements of the human mind. But now the classic theology has tumbled, and a new structure of faith must be reared.

"Manhood begins," says Carlyle, "when we have in any way made truce with Necessity, and thus in reality triumphed over it." The churches must find this way and win this triumph.

This is my Code for the Churches. To-day they are faltering and paltering, backing and filling, clinging to dead traditions, or pursuing futile faiths. But the way of life is open, as it is always open. Recovery is as possible for the churches as for the nation. It was in a time not unlike our own, when social distress was matching religious demoralization, that a Master of human living proclaimed his Code. And then, with sublime assurance, said, "This do, and thou shalt live!"

Next Month: "I Don't Want My Son To Be a Minister"
Anonymous



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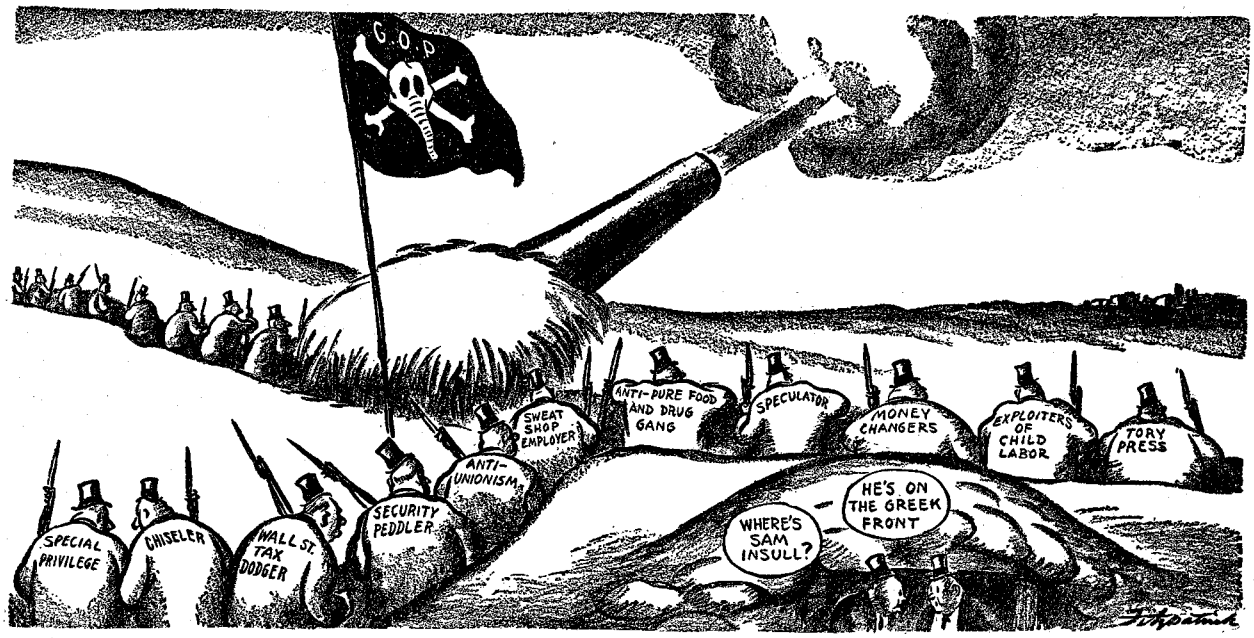
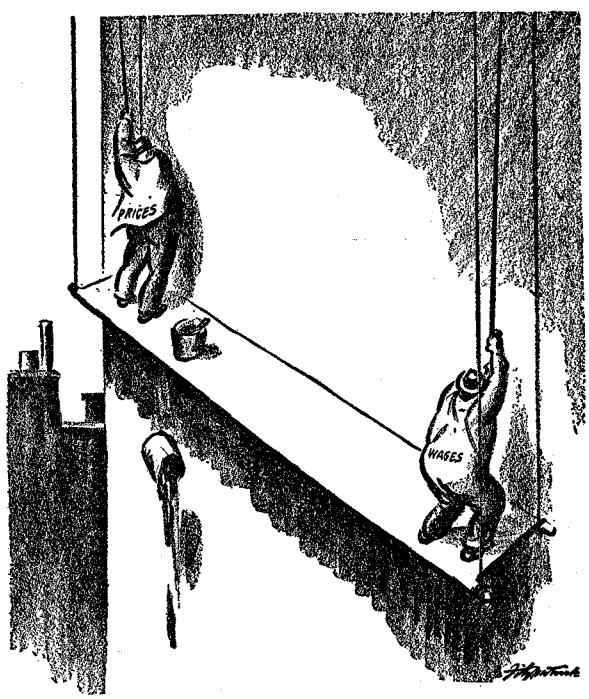


Opening Fire on the New Deal

OUR TIMES IN CARTOONS

BY DANIEL R. FITZPATRICK

Courtesy of the St. Louis Post Dispatch



A Little More Balance, Please

Our Own Old Man of the Sea

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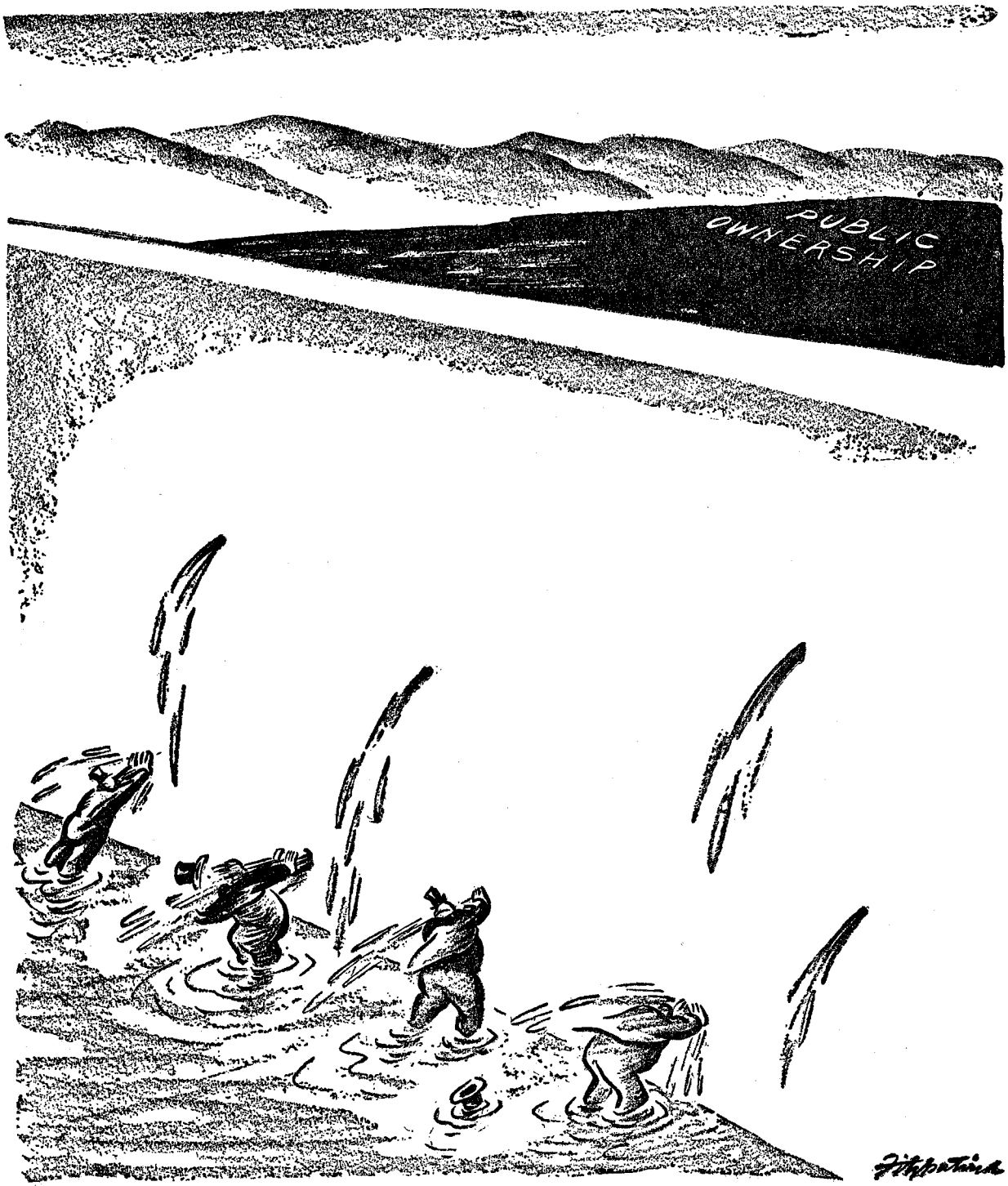
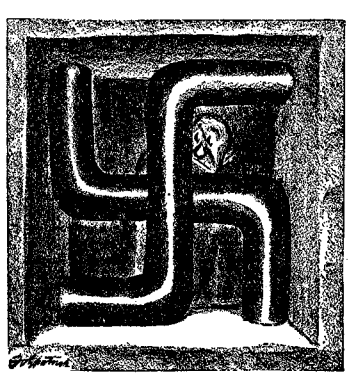


Heroic Work at the Power Dam



Germany's New Deal

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I COME HOME

BY LUCILE GREBENC

ONE DAY two summers ago I sat on a stone wall, my feet dangling discouragedly down its southern exposure, while against its northern surface leaned my stoop-shouldered neighbor, his bony, freckled hands clasped about the handle of a hoe worn shiny with usage. On his side of the wall the neatly kept rows of his acres spread a verdant pattern hedged in by distant fruit trees and a wall of grapes. On my side stretched a vista of tall, rank grass and weeds interwoven with poison ivy, stopped by the sloping line of the roof of the old house which had shed the rains and suns and snows of more than two centuries. The grass needed cutting, the ivy eradicating, the roof patching.

My neighbor, a New England farmer by inheritance and occupation, had just said to me, "You'd better come home."

Home, I thought; and was unaccountably touched; for I was a city-bred woman who had spent the greater part of her professional life in laboratories and hospitals and editorial rooms, and who had not the remotest connection with rural New England. I was out of a job, busily engaged in running through my hoarded savings in a run-around with editors, managers, and similar powers — all to no effect. I reflected on my dwindling savings and gazed at the unkempt condition of my land.

"But how could I make a living here?" I asked this man.

"I guess you'd make a living," he drawled.

The summer went. In the fall I had the forethought to store a barrel of apples and put up whatever of fruit I found ready to hand. Then late in November I locked up the house for the winter and returned to New York with every confidence of being able to wrest a living from a business world which was growing gloomier in aspect with every passing day. By February my funds were at a desperately low ebb, with no rising tide in view. I dreaded going out on the street to face the harassed or sad expressions or drooping shoulders of other unfortunate aspirants to a living, and within the four walls of my room I felt like a caged animal. I wanted something to do, something besides threshing back and forth with nothing but worry to occupy my mind. I was threatened with complete demoralization, and almost welcomed the fact that, being unable to pay further rent, I would have to leave. So on the first day of March I came home.

I AM INITIATED

IT WAS the eve of the coldest spell of the winter. I came "home" to be welcomed not by the prodigal's roast veal but by a house empty of human presence, a fireless hearth, a damp bed, and the winter silence of country isolation so appalling to city-bred ears. It was four o'clock when I drove into my rocky driveway; dusk was already falling, and the air was dense with a constricting chill. In spite of a disheartened mood, I had to set about gathering together the essentials of life. Since the well had not been cleaned I had to go to the spring for water — about a hundred yards downhill through woods and brush and briars. The car

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was then housed in the barn, wood brought in, and I could close my door against the outer darkness. But not against the cold.

There were no stoves; only beautifully constructed fireplaces. There was no electricity; only candles. The doors were not tight, and a sharp wind was making the circuit of the house. The candlelight flared and cast distorted shadows on walls and ceiling. The house smelled dank and musty. I was tired; I was discouraged and depressed. I had sixty dollars and no prospects. It was fortunate that I had little time to think about these things and had to concentrate upon getting warm. So I dried my bedding before the fire, filled a hot-water bottle, made my bed, and crawled in.

It was not a comfortable night. The brief warming of bedding could not eradicate the moisture and chill of months. It was exceedingly damp and cold. The drafts stirred the hair on my forehead. Mice scurried overhead, and the sound was new and startling to me. The frozen lilacs outside my window tapped against the dry shingles in a ghastly tattoo. There were creakings and crackings all over the house. Reason took flight. My imagination peopled the dark with faces. I heard footsteps. I saw shadows in the dark. I heard fingers at the window and rose frequently to peer out; but it was very dark, and I felt that I was very much alone.

But the night passed as nights will, and in the morning I still shivered while dressing in my warmest clothing, shivered while making another fire in the living room, and shivered still more in the kitchen — which was a refrigerating plant on the rampage. The water in the buckets was frozen. The eggs were frozen. My jams and apples were fortunately untouched by frost or mice, and since ice will eventually give way to heat, I finally made a good breakfast sitting on the couch in front of the fire with my tray on my lap.

This was my initiation; and, like all initiations, with it the worst was over; for my neighbor, to whom I hastened at once to make my advent known, soon took the worst discomforts out of my immediate existence by eliminating the principal leaks (and with them the ghostly noises and rattlings) and by keeping me supplied with firewood during the worst of the cold spell. So the two rooms to which I temporarily limited my living quarters were soon dry and comfortable.

Once I was warm and fed, my spirits began to revive, and I took stock of my means and prospects. Of money there was exceedingly little and no hope of getting more by my usual means. Remained then this piece of earth to which I had a deed. Could I make a living here? But on this the question arose, what did I mean by "a living"? Here it became necessary to set up a new standard of values. The luxury and beauty I had formerly purchased were now out of the question. However difficult it would be to adjust myself to a denial of my esthetic needs, the adjustment would have to be made, and compensation sought in a different direction. A roof over my head I had, even though it needed patching. Food then, remained to be provided. Would I be able to furnish myself with that essential, perhaps for an unlimited period? Of fruit there was an abundance already on the place. The vegetables, then, would have to be supplied, and that meant a garden; a garden, furthermore, sufficient not only to supply me with food during the summer and fall but one that would also stock my cellar with a winter's supply in the event that I should still be at large, so to speak, when that season arrived. This brought up the question of glass jars and other containers in which to store the valuable foodstuffs falling outside the category of winter vegetables. These containers are expensive, and I had neither them nor the money with which to buy them. What to do? Well, not to worry about the problem but to start the gardening operations. In the intervening months, taking each problem as it arose, I would find a way.

I Settle Down

And so began the great venture by as green a tenderfoot as ever stepped a meadow. Four dollars were spent on seeds, two dollars on plowing, and six dollars on linseed oil and paint and lime and some shingles and nails — the latter for patching, the paint for a much needed coat to outside trim and doors, and the lime for whitewashing cellar and lean-to.

While it was still too early to plant I bestirred myself about the thousand and one jobs that crop up even on a small farm. This one had been sadly neglected for a score of

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years. The house was surrounded by a jungle. Year after year the grass had been matted down by rain and snow into a tangled web clutching at passing feet. Year by year oak and maple and pine and ash had been seeded in, and sumac and spice bush and sweet grass, bayberry and poison ivy marched closer and closer to the buildings. Brushcutting, pruning, raking filled the days. All the wood from dead trees and broken limbs was saved for fuel, which meant sawing, lugging, and stacking. All the leaves — rotted, half-rotted, and fresh — were trundled off with countless trips of the wheelbarrow and dumped into an old storage pit to start the future compost heap. Lumps of sod and roots which later came out of the garden and flower beds went into the same pit. The blackberry patch had to be looked after. Year after year the canes, seven and nine feet tall, had grown and borne and died and become woven into a mesh of thorns ghastly to approach. But it had to be cleared for the sake of the berries which I expected to harvest in due season.

While the March winds still blew, almost blowing us from perch on roof or ladder, my neighbor, who wielded the crowbar, and I tore down an old extension, which gave a beautiful sloping line to the roof but which collected an amazing amount of moisture and kept the sun out of the kitchen. The cedar beams salvaged from the wreck made a framework for a grape trellis, to which I wired the freshly pruned grapevines, rescuing them from the rank grass and the top of a butternut to which they aspired. The chestnut boards which were sound made a new floor for the kitchen extension.

There is as little point in minimizing as in exaggerating realities, and though no one likes to admit a lack of physical hardihood, the fact remains that by nightfall each day I was exhausted. If I ventured to sit down on a boulder to rest, my strained muscles became painfully fixed. My back ached; I had a twisted hip and a lame arm; I was bruised and itchy with poison ivy and scratched by briars; and my fingers were sore and split from the cold and ingrained with soot and dirt. But I regretted none of my aches or pains and scars, for I fell into bed at a ridiculously early hour — and to sleep — and so could forget that I was surrounded by noisy silence and darkness (for these still haunted me). I never opened my door after dusk. As soon as the light failed I dropped into a void of impenetrable darkness full of potentialities to which my imagination was only too ready to give form. And so I worked and slept and at last had my reward, for gradually the specters of a supersensitive state gave way to a great peace.

I Make Progress

By the middle of April the garden was plowed, and I was working over the broken sod. By the end of April the first seeds were in the ground, and as the weeks passed it was a revelation to watch the earth crack in long rows, revealing sprouts of pale yellow which turned green, grew, and developed, each according to its kind. There was excitement in watching for the fruit to "set," distress when blossoms fell leaving nothing in their wake. Along with the weeding and cultivating there was a thrill in seeing the little blossoms being pushed out and off by an uncharacteristic knob and then perceiving this knob take form according to its kind. The first infinitesimal spear of string bean; the first little green globe of a tomato; the first queer, little scalloped summer squash and tubby little winter squash; the first sign of a spiny cucumber; the first odd little nubbin which eventually turns into a green pepper, lengthening out overnight like a face during the depression; and the first woolly little globe which will mature into a muskmelon or honeyball — what an incredible artistry Nature displays in form and coloring and texture!

But along with revelations in the garden, other things were happening. Every day brought fresh evidence of a reviving world. Upon the gray background of penciled lines of leafless trees there began to appear a fuzz of yellow, of red, of silver. Soon the red and yellow looked like splashes from a paint pot, the silver turned into the furry yellow of willow catkins. Then green began to appear. The dead brown oak leaves which had rattled in the icy wind were pushed off by the swelling buds, from which unfolded the miraculous roses of the new young leaves. Catkins tossed from twigs everywhere. Each day I pulled down a branch of lilac or horse-chestnut or apple to examine the growing buds. What a neat housewife is Nature, who folds so exactly the layers of tissue,

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Lithographs by Wanda Gag *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

with well-turned and tucked-in corners!

By mid-April the whippoorwills and frogs were making the nights vibrant with paeans to a beneficent spirit. With May came the tumult of the bees. The wild-plum thickets were a cloudy white; the pear trees canopies of snow. Dogwood gleamed in the woods. The maples shook myriads of yellow tassels to the breeze. Then came the rosy flush of tight apple buds among their green leaves like little Biedermeier bouquets, and then suddenly on a day of hot sun the pink disappeared, and there was so much glowing white that even the green of the leaves paled in the background. And when the petals began to fall it was like another snowfall with white drifts in fence corners and in roadways and under stoops and around stones. Decoration Day was lit by the candles on the horse-chestnut, and the atmosphere was heady with the perfume of lilac and barberry.

The air was mild; the nights soft and still, with moonlight stirring the life on gently rolling hills, in wooded glens and seeping hollows. I could hear the rush of water below as the spring panted to rid itself of its overflow. I could stand now at night, unafraid but awed, and gaze at the spectacle of an earth heaving and sighing with the tumult of her perennial labor. There was nothing unstirred. Even the stars on moonless nights glittered with a brittle brilliance and seemed striving to drop into my lap. There was an ecstasy of living, a symphony of sound. Wild geese, honking, drew past overhead. The thickets were alive with birds, and by the end of June an adolescent strain was added to the general harmony when fledglings put in their notes in uncontrollable voices. Foxes trotted past me as I worked in the garden. Deer leaped the stone walls, and a hoof overturned a pot of water cress I had started down by the spring. On hot summer days the wind would waft into my window the mingled odors from my herb garden, mixing with parsley and catnip and mint the bitterness of rue and the sweetness of basil.

But it was not all revelations of the good and the beautiful. Along with the birds and the blossoms and seedlings came the omnivorous

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pests, beginning with the cutworms early in the season and following with countless bugs and beetles and worms and pests of microscopic dimensions which, invisible themselves, left behind them a visible trail of wreckage. Nor can I forget the wily woodchuck, that monk of the fields who grows fat on luscious beans and choicest flowers and has an uncanny way of eluding trap and gun — but not always. And yet in spite of all prophecies of disaster by well-meaning pessimists, in spite of prophecies that what the cutworms left and what escaped the woodchuck would fall before the onslaught of beetle or larva or wilt or something else, my cellar and the field attested the success of our methods of combating all comers — entomological and zoölogical.

I Scheme Successfully

It was in May that the idea of a co-operative mode of making my living entered my mind. Hitherto my thoughts had naturally followed the line in which they had always been busy, that is, receiving money for some service rendered and paying money for what I needed or wanted. Money, therefore, had become the bugbear of my existence. It was over the procuring of money that I worried, and over how to save money that I fretted. But in May, the busiest month, my neighbor was laid low by an acute attack of arthritis. His brothers came and sowed the crops that had to go into the ground, and I, who had thought that here my highly specialized training and experience in medicine would be useless, found it on the contrary very useful, for I took up where the physician left off and so earned my neighbor's unlimited gratitude and respect. But the incident put into my head the idea of exchanging whatever I had of knowledge or skill in a number of different directions for the things I needed and could not buy. The upshot was that we pooled our interests, my neighbor to do the field work that was beyond my physical ability, and I to do for both the canning of the produce. He contributed an inexpensive canning outfit which was to go back to him at the end of the season. The question of containers now also found its solution. I had friends in a nearby city — among them a wife who could no longer afford the frocks she had been accustomed to buy and who disliked, and could not be well fitted with, the cheap ones on display everywhere. So I exchanged my skill in designing and dressmaking for glass jars, which stood empty on her cellar shelves, and for crocks and kegs and young plants started in her hothouse. Similarly I have promised bushels of quinces to women in New York, in exchange for more jars. I cleared a nice sum from my blackberries over and above what I used for myself and for my neighbor, who earned his winter supply by helping me with the picking. He cut the grass and sold it to a farmer, and after deducting for his labor there was a nice bit of cash for me. The apples will be pressed by him; and after setting aside what we want for personal use, the balance of the cider will be sold, and the profit split.

By the beginning of June I was independent of the stores so far as garden produce was concerned, and in July I commenced canning fruits and vegetables. This continued through the summer and ended in late October with the quinces. It was an incredibly busy season. There was no waiting. The earth knew no depression or lag in activity. The seasons progressed, set their mark, and passed as they have done for millions of years, in spite of wars and bank failures and political upheavals. The fruit of the earth had to be taken as it came, or it was lost.

With all this activity, this interlarding of jobs inside and out, my mind began to click again on a more optimistic key. My depression had long since fled. I had too often watched the

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sun rise as I sat on a stone wall at dawn, the light air riffling my hair, had too often checked the moon's southing and wakened with it shining on my pillow. I had lain on the warm, sweet-scented earth until fatigue left me, and worries gave place to contentment. I had heard the underground rush of water, had watched the swifts' circling flight high above my chimney against the blue, and had seen the wind bending wild pinks on the meadow, and daisies and black-eyed Susans and Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod. I had seen woods bright with the calico of laurel, the hedgerows painted with yellow day lilies, the stone-fence corners thick with fern and bracken, and sumac marching up the hill with crimson torches flaming.

I Am Content

So now as I face the winter the outlook is good. At the beginning of October an old ambition of mine is nearing realization. My cellar will be filled to the rafters with good things to eat and will resemble a hybrid of the Garden of Eden, the Arabian Nights, and Charles & Co., New York. My kitchen has a touch of resemblance to that of Dingley Dell, where Mr. Pickwick held forth so charmingly. True, I lack the hams and flitches of bacon hanging from the rafters, but there are already bunches of herbs and strings of peppers drying before the fire. The fruit cake is made and ripening in a crock, saturated with fruit juices. Plum puddings will be dressed in ground pine out of my woods. There are jars and jars of berries of all kinds; a variety of fruits, jams and jellies; green vegetables; my pet spaghetti sauce; green tomato mincemeat; eggplant relish; and what not. There are crocks of pickles and stuffed pickled peppers and sauerkraut and bottles of grape and blackberry juice to be joined by kegs of cider. Choice bunches of grapes have been packed in boxes with excelsior, to emerge at Christmas to grace the table. Root vegetables and squashes and cabbages still stand in the fields, but they also will eventually find their way to the cellar. Tarragon has been added to the vinegar jug, and improved the pickles. Sweet grass has been gathered and crushed and, along with pine needles and bayberry leaves, spread in bureau drawers and chests and closets. The wax of bayberries will replace the furniture wax from the stores. There will be firewood cut from my own woods on a co-operative basis.

True, my house is not yet leakproof nor coldproof, and I have no furnace; I still fetch my water from the spring, climbing a considerable incline which will undoubtedly be slippery with ice; I still burn candles, have no telephone, and bathe in a round tin tub. But I am perfectly healthy, and wet feet or head hold no terrors for me.

True, also, that culturally almost a year has dropped out of my life. I could not afford the magazines I used to get in more affluent days. I rarely see a newspaper. I knew nothing of Hitler until the dictatorship was weeks old. I knew nothing of China until to the man on the street the war was ancient history. I know nothing of the cavortings of our own governmental bodies. I have no radio and do not regret it. I make my own music on the piano when in the mood, and read my favorite authors over and over again with the same pleasure. It is a waste of energy to fret over what I cannot have. With all this isolation, however, I fail to see that I have lost or missed anything vital. A week's reading will catch me up on world events, but only six months spent as I spent them could have given me the enduring equanimity I have won and the peace which lies in a close relationship with elemental things. I still have my literary ambitions and expect to spend the winter months chiefly in company with my typewriter. I no longer worry, for the experience of the past months has shown me that problems are solved if met not too far ahead, and that too much anticipation of unknown ills, with its attendant frettings and worryings, needlessly upsets one's judgment and morale. My house will keep me, and here I shall be at peace; for the everlasting tide of life sweeping in its rhythmic course, with the earth as its intermediary and the rain and sun for assistants, flowed over the spot where I am rooted, filled my cellar with food, put fire on the hearth and water on the bench. I have discovered that neighbors are kind and helpful and full of generosities. My mood is sanguine, very different from that fevered depression of the first of March, and I can truthfully say that "my wealth lies not in the greatness of my riches but in the fewness of my wants."

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FROM ISOLATION TO EMPIRE

An Estimate of America's Place in World Affairs

BY JOHN STRACHEY

DOES AMERICA want a place in world affairs? There is not the slightest doubt but that the overwhelming majority of American citizens do not. By far the greatest proportion of them desire only to live their lives in peace and quiet. They cling to the old isolationist tradition of America. They demand that they and their government shall "stay at home and mind their own business."

We should particularly notice that phrase, "stay at home and mind their own business." For the seed of the difficulties and contradictions which are involved to-day in an isolationist policy can be detected in the two halves of that phrase. It is there revealed that what is wanted is not only that the government shall stay at home and refuse to get itself involved in international complications, but that at the same time the business of its citizens shall prosper. This is the American ideal — and for that matter it is everybody else's ideal, too. I wish, however, to point out certain difficulties which in my view make it impossible under the existing system of society to attain simultaneously these two objectives. I wish to suggest that the very nature of our existing society forbids nations and their governments from "staying at home and minding their own business."

II

WE MUST remember first that for perhaps a hundred years after the establishment of American independence the great problem of American statesmen was not deciding whether or not they should steer clear of European affairs but rather straining constantly to see that European nations did not intervene in their own. The result of this policy of self-preservation was to establish the great isolationist tradition that still survives. Secondly we must remember that during all this time there was in progress, both in America and in Europe, that social and economic movement which we call the industrial revolution, and that a great and highly significant consequence of it has been the phenomenon commonly known as the world market. It is this last with which we are concerned.

America had herself become, by the turn of the century, the greatest of all the centers of the new mass-mechanized methods of production. It is true that her area was so great that for some time the energies of her capitalists were largely engaged in opening up their own continent. But as that process drew to completion after the Civil War, the American capitalists found themselves, whether they liked it or not, becoming concerned in a hundred ways with the economics of the rest of the world. Particularly in three ways did American industry become inextricably involved in the world market. First, American industry began to import vast quantities of raw materials, until to-day American demand is the predominant factor in the world market of many commodities. Second, American capitalists themselves became involved in the process of opening up new markets for their products and new fields of capital for their profits. They found it necessary to destroy small local centers of production. Mostly they turned southward towards Central and South America, and these vast areas have become economically dominated by the great industries of the United States. Third and last, the flow of American exports, which, though hitherto a comparatively small proportion of the total of American production, were of a greater amount than the exports of any other country, have come into the sharpest possible competition with the exports of the other centers of modern methods of production — with the exports of Britain, of Germany, of France, and of Japan.

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And what, then, in such a world, was to become of the great American tradition of isolation? What could become of it? It became a tradition — and nothing more. It became a shibboleth repeated by American politicians because their audiences were accustomed to applaud it, but necessarily broken every month of the year by the State Department.

III

HENCEFORWARD America, just precisely in order to "mind her own business," could not and did not stay at home. For her business had become world-wide, and so, whether she liked it or not, she found herself constantly intervening to protect her business interests in every corner of the world. We may distinguish, however, two stages in the abandonment of the practice (though not of the theory) of American isolation.

The first of these was the familiar one of the penetration by American capitalism of non-industrial areas: the familiar phase of ordinary imperialist expansion. Historically this phase culminated with the Spanish-American War, which secured with contemptuous ease the hegemony of the United States over all the Americas and much of the Pacific.

But with the present century, this phase of the opening up of backward countries began to be superseded by a new world situation. All, or nearly all, of the world had been opened up by one or another of the imperialist powers, that is, by one or another of the governments of the half dozen or so centers of modern methods of production. Then, like Alexander, these governments looked about for new worlds to conquer. They found them all right. The only difficulty was that they already belonged to somebody else. In short, the world was fully partitioned. Henceforth no imperialist power could gain except at the direct expense of another. And the exports of all these powers began to fight with each other in every part of the earth.

The results of this situation were manifold, but most of them are familiar to us. They culminated in the war which broke out in 1914. In this general holocaust America, like every other nation, found that her capitalists had world-wide interests which must be protected by violence if they were to be protected at all. This was the acid test of American isolation, and the answer was definite and clear. After American participation in the World War, America had not only a place in the world, she had a leading place. And not only a leading place, but *the* leading place.

IV

THERE THEN OCCURRED that episode — transitory, ridiculous, and tragic — the attempt of President Woodrow Wilson to organize the world under American auspices. Wilson saw clearly that without some political unification of the world, without some unification of the primal "international anarchy," the recurrence of wars on an ever vaster and more terrible scale must in the nature of things ensue. And he saw that such wars must and would wreck civilization.

But Wilson seems to have been totally untroubled by any thought that there might be a contradiction between the economic system of his world — that is, competitive capitalism — and the world order which he wished to establish — namely, international co-operation.

The Wilsonian attempt was foredoomed to failure. Nationalism and imperialism are the very warp and woof of competitive economics. They are, in fact, merely the expression of our common commercial competition raised to an international scale. And the League of Nations has been simply one more battleground on which the great imperialist powers have maneuvered and intrigued among themselves. It has ostentatiously guaranteed the absolute national sovereignty of its member states — that sovereignty which itself constitutes the condition of international anarchy that the League was designed to end!

America's membership or non-membership in the League has meant little. Had she joined, spheres of influence would simply have been delimited to suit Wall Street, instead of Lombard Street and the Bourse. That is all.

At any rate, on the slogans of the isolationist tradition and the repudiation of the League, the Republican Party rode back to power in the United States. Needless to say, the isolation to which America then returned was not the defensive isolation of Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln. It was imperialist isolation. It was an isolation whose object was to give

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America a free hand to develop her imperialist policies all over the world, but above all in South America, in China, and in the Pacific.

This new phase of American policy lasted a little less than a decade. It was comparatively successful. The main drive of American industry was still occupied, though for the last time, with the intensive exploitation of the American homeland. A great prosperity could still be attained with only a ten-per-cent margin of export and a correspondingly large scale of foreign investment. Even at that, so gigantically productive is American industry that even the ten per cent of its activity which was directed outward necessitated a great deal of American participation in world affairs. Investments in Germany and in China multiplied and required careful nursing. Above all grew the stake in Central and South America. It is hardly necessary to point out that the State Department was more than a little interested during this period in the internal conditions of Nicaragua and Chile.

V

In 1929 this phase came to an end. The possibilities of internal exploitation for American capitalism were exhausted. The crash arrived. And with it arrived a reversal of political fortune which swept out the Republican Party and put the Democratic Party into power. There returned to the Capitol and the White House the heirs of the Wilsonian tradition of American liberalism.

It might have been expected — indeed, it was expected — that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers would return likewise to the Wilsonian principles of international co-operation instead of isolation. On the contrary, it is perfectly evident by this time that they have done nothing of the sort. They have rather proved to be even more "isolationist" than were the Republicans of the preceding administrations. Isolationist, that is, in the sense that the word is the American translation of imperialist.

This is a very striking development; it marks the startling rapidity of the change in the world situation in the last twelve years. It shows that the disruptive force of inter-imperial rivalry and competition has now become so uncontrollable that a liberal foreign policy such as Wilson pursued has become totally impossible. There is little doubt that Mr. Roosevelt sincerely planned to pursue such a policy when he took office. If we reread not only his election speeches but even his earlier statements of policy after taking office, we find him repeating the familiar liberal maxims of co-operation with the other nations of the world. But within a few months of his inauguration, the President found himself swept along in the opposite direction by tremendous and, for him, apparently unforeseen forces.

These forces demanded of him a policy, not of co-operation with the other capitalist empires, but of the strongest possible competition. It became startlingly clear that the American economic situation demanded an absolutely free hand to use any and every means to promote American commercial interests against those of all her trade rivals. It became clear to the President that if he were to achieve his program of economic revival he must be free in particular to depreciate the American currency to any desired point. And as he could not co-operate with the other capitalist empires on this crucial point of establishing a common measure and standard of value, he could not co-operate with them in any way whatsoever.

VI

It was not, however, until the meeting of the economic conference in London last summer that the world fully realized the immense change which had occurred in American liberalism between the fall of Wilson and the accession of Roosevelt. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt and the American liberals do not seem to have recognized it themselves. They began the preparations for the conference still under the impression that they were all in favor of international co-operation. It was not until the Roosevelt administration was actually engaged in the preliminary negotiations that it became aware that its economic policy was wholly incompatible with international co-operation. That realization, however, came at last. The meaning of the refusal of the present spokesman of American capitalism to establish any basis of co-operation with the other capitalist empires is simply that to-day there is no way out for the American capitalists except at the expense of their rivals.

The world is not yet aware of the historic

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significance of the total breakdown of the London Conference. At that gathering the capitalist empires failed to re-establish a common money, a common standard of value. What did this mean? *It meant that they could no longer co-operate even about the conditions of their competition!*

It was as if the promoters of a great international boxing tournament had come together to decide on a code of rules for the fights but had found it impossible to arrive at any agreement. Obviously it would be useless to go on to discuss any other questions, such as the time, place, or nature of the contests. Without a stipulated code of rules the fights could not take place: or rather they could take place only as fights, ruthless, desperate, and to a finish, without regulation or limitation: they could take place only as war!

This is in fact the significance of the breakdown of the World Economic Conference. It indicated that the great capitalist empires are now in such desperate rivalry against one another that they are unable to bind themselves to refrain from any measures, of whatever nature, for promoting their individual interests. And who can blind himself to the consequences of this? Sooner or later, and rather sooner than later, such unlimited, unrestrained competition must result in an armed struggle — in the final, desperate attempt of each empire to impose its interests, its will, by force of arms upon its rivals.

VII

War is thus the prospect before America to-day, just as it is the prospect before every capitalist nation. Of course the people of America do not want to go to war. Neither, for that matter, do the American capitalists or statesmen or the people or rulers of any other country. No one has ever suggested that they wanted to. But they find themselves in a situation from which they can save themselves only at their rivals' expense. And so they must face the prospect of a struggle for survival.

The basis — though I readily admit the largely unconscious basis — of the Roosevelt program, of the New Deal, is to rescue American capitalism at the expense (it will turn out) of British, Japanese, German, French, and all other capitalisms. Thus the Industrial Recovery plan must lead to acute conflicts between America and the rest of the world. It will lead in the first place (it is already leading) to conflicts between the American government and the semi-subject peoples of Latin America. The Cuban revolution is the first of these. It will lead in the second place, as it develops, to the most serious sort of conflicts, not with the weak semi-colonial states, but with the other great capitalist empires of the world. Already an intensive new armament race has broken out, with the three great naval powers — Britain, Japan, and America — as participants. The British government, with a characteristic effort to put itself in the right, has asked Mr. Roosevelt to abandon his great naval building program. Upon his refusal, it feels itself free to go ahead with an equally extensive program of its own. And Sheffield, historic center of the British armament industry, throbs with activity. Thus Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues are finding that, apparently through no fault of their own, the condition for the recovery of American capitalism is a policy which has already ruled out co-operation and which will ultimately necessitate a series of bitter clashes with the other capitalist empires.

The measure of the intensification of the inter-imperialist antagonisms in twelve years is the contrast between the foreign policies of the successive Democratic administrations — of Wilson and of Roosevelt: the contrast between a grandiose attempt to organize the world politically under American auspices and the smashing of the World Economic Conference by American orders.

We are driven to the conclusion that the American people, whether they like it or not, have to-day not only a place, but the leading place, in world affairs. So long as they allow their capitalists to maintain their characteristic form of society, they will be drawn inevitably into a struggle of ever growing intensity, with both the capitalists of every other empire and with the colonial peoples. Nor will it long be possible to prevent that struggle from developing into war.

Next Month: "Ethics and the War Debts," by John M. Warbeke

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LOARD OPEN DA MOUTH O' DA GRAY FISH!

A Short Story

BY BILL ADAMS

IT'S A LONG time ago, and forgotten save in Shetland. One hundred years ago and one year over. But what's a hundred years? What's a long time to the sea, that doesn't count time in years or in any other manner?

It was at the time of Beltane, which is May's first week, that Peter Garriock set forth from Kullinsbroch in Shetland, skipper of a sixaern haaf boat; which is a six-oared sea boat. With him were his two sons and three other men. Six strong men to pull six long oars. And at the same time other haaf boats were setting forth from all the fishing stations of Shetland: from Federland and Gloop; from Norvik, Unst, Uya, Papa Stoor, Aith, Gott, and Whalsey. And all those other men were setting forth prayerfully, having been to da kirk through the Sabbath just passed. Only Peter Garriock and his five men set forth godlessly, confident in their man-strength and their sea-skill to bring them good fishing. All through the fishing season of the preceding year they had had good fishing, though with all the other sixaern boats luck had been ill. Thanks to the poor fishing of the preceding year, all the other Shetland fishermen were deep in debt to the landlord-merchants who owned the haaf boats. None save Peter Garriock and his men was free of debt. A proud man Peter Garriock was, setting forth for da gruns again; and all his men were proud with him.

Peter Garriock's boat was a new boat. Never before had she been out to the haaf fishing. Undecked, open to the sky, she was twenty feet long on her keel. As was the way with all the haaf boats, she was modeled after the Viking lang ships of long ago. Peter Garriock also was modeled after the Vikings, as were his men and all the other fishermen of Shetland. Descended direct from the Vikings, they were, and their religion was a strange mixture of paganism and of Christianity.

The boards for Peter Garriock's new boat had been brought over from Norway all ready for putting together, as was the custom always with the Shetland haaf boats. Pine boards they were, and sweet-scented. Before they were put together an aged seaman was fetched to fin oot da misforn knots; to make sure that in the boards were no knots such as might bring the boat misfortune. Each board in which he found a round, black knot the old seaman caused to be set aside and replaced by another; for did a haaf boat have in her a board in which was a round, black knot she must of a certainty be lost. Every board in which was a knot that had running out from it a sprain resembling a wind straik ida sky was also set aside; for did a boat have such a knot in her boards she was fated always to fall in with gales and rough weather. And one board in particular the aged seaman had seen instantly and instantly had ordered discarded. In that board was a knot the shape of which resembled the shape of a cat. That board was fit for burning only. In some boards were good knots which, being shaped like fish, spelt luck. There were, too, many other knots of various shapes, some lucky, others unlucky, but capable of being sained, or placated, by a wise old seaman.

When the boards of Peter Garriock's boat had been sained and put together, she was launched, further to ensure good fortune, at

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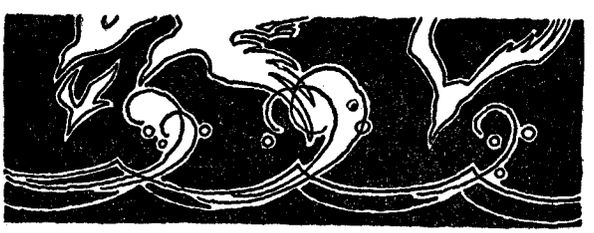
high noon and at the time of high tide. And, to make full sure of avoiding misfortune, she was launched sungaets, with the sun. For if any haaf boat were to be launched widdershins, or against the sun, ill luck must of a surety be hers.

As was ever the custom at the time of Beltane when the fishing season started, a great foy, or feast, was held ere the sixaern boats set forth for da gruns. Much ale was drunk, and much mutton was eaten, and there was dancing and great rejoicing. When at the time of Laurencemass in mid-August the fishing season ended, there would be greater rejoicing yet, and yet greater feasting if the season had proven good. Aye, maybe some of the haaf fishermen would be out of debt by Laurencemass!

"Loard open da mouth o' da gray fish!" prayed the hundreds of Shetland fishermen, setting forth at the time of Beltane. Only Peter Garriock and his men said not that.



II

To and fro between da gruns, forty miles out at sea, and the drying beach, Peter Garriock took his sixaern boat through May, June, and the half of July. Sometimes when da gray fish opened their plentiful mouths well, and the winds were good, he came and went thrice in the week, his sail hard to the breeze. Sometimes when winds were light he and his men must do much rowing and so could scarce make two trips. But always each Saturday morning they hauled their lines and brought their boat in for the helly or week-end. No haaf boat ever spent the helly on da gruns. And over the helly, which ended at dawn on Monday, no work was ever allowed once the boats had unloaded their catches.

On each drying beach was a rough earth hut, da lodge, to afford shelter for the fishermen over the helly. The landlord's store was nearby, with boat gear, lines, salt, and such merchandise as was needed by haaf men. Week by week Peter Garriock and his men landed their catch on the drying beach, where it was weighed, salted, and spread in the sun to dry; to be baled when dry, ready for shipment to the Baltic or Spain, to Portugal or France.

If any man lived not near the drying beach he might not go to his home over the helly but must make his home at da lodge. Such was ever the custom. And on the Sabbath he must go to the nearest kirk to attend da meetin. The parish rancelman, or constable, would see that he did so. To see to the churching of the haaf men was during the fishing season the rancelman's chief duty. But never once did Peter Garriock nor any of his men go to da kirk. Over the helly they did as they willed, visiting their wives or their sweethearts, jesting and laughing and drinking much ale. At the angry rancelman they laughed openly and at the frowning dominie they smiled, vowing that they themselves would see that da gray fish opened their mouths and caring naught for da Loard.

Each Monday at dawn Peter Garriock and his men were busy getting their gear aboard: lines, hooks, bait, and faerdenmeat, which was the fare provided for the journey out to da gruns, the time on, and the journey back from them. A supply of meal for each man, a supply of boiled mutton, and a keg of blaand for all to share. Buttermilk over which had been poured hot water, blaand was: a sour drink yet very nourishing.

Each Monday evening Peter Garriock's sixaern boat was back on da gruns again, and the lines were soon down, baited with herring, mackerel, or haddock. Each of the six men must look after his own packie of line. A packie was made up of so many bouchts, each boucht being forty fathoms, or two hundred and forty feet long. On each boucht were a dozen hooks, fastened at regular distances by lines a yard long. Two dozen bouchts in all for the six men to care for. A total of twelve dozen hooks on lines that totaled in all close to eight hundred feet. Though it was midsummer in the North Atlantic the weather was often bitter cold. Aye, it took hard men for the Shetland haaf fishing: men of steel sinews.

Peter Garriock had no navigating instruments whatever. No charts, no sextant, no chronometer, no log, nor lead. If the weather were thick with driving mist or with listlessly

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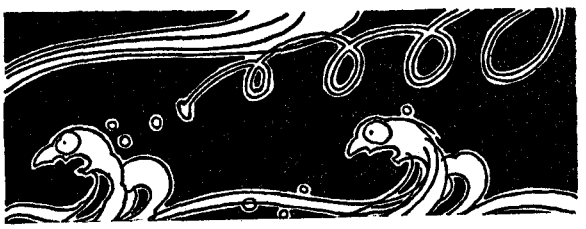
drifting fog he found his way out to and back from da gruns by his sea sense solely. Forty miles out to da gruns he went and forty miles back time and again, surely as any landsman might make his way to and fro market. To lose the coast of Shetland under the sea rim was nothing at all to him. If the weather were clear he watched the faces of the sky and sea and had an eye for the sun's upcoming and downgoing. Always he watched, and particularly if the weather were thick, the birds, the fish, the porpoise, seals, and whales. Save that he lacked feather or fin he was well nigh as much at home upon the sea as were the feathered birds and finned sea creatures. So it was and had to be with all the Shetland haaf men.



III

In mid-July Peter Garriock and his men set forth for da gruns as usual, at the end of da helly, and set forth more than ever lightheartedly. In fine fettle they were that clear, bright dawning. They had come in on Saturday with a great catch, and now the weather augured well for another successful week. Moreover they had had good fun deriding the rancelman when he had tried to force them to da kirk. Peter Garriock himself had flung a stale haddock full in the rancelman's face. There had been muttering at that amongst the other haaf men, and even some talk of a trial; but Peter Garriock being a big powerful man even for Shetland, and his two sons also being stout, and the three other men stout also, it had ended in talk. Neither Peter Garriock nor his sons nor men cared a whit for anyone. Peter had sported with his wife over the helly. His men had sported with theirs. His sons had laughed into their sweethearts' eyes and had kissed them many times. Not a man of them all had so much as looked into da lodge or come nigh to da kirk at all. Not once had any one of them so much as whispered, "Loard open da mouth o' da gray fish!"

The wind was very light on that Monday dawn when Peter Garriock started for da gruns again. The sail flapped idly, so that he and his men must pull at the long oars. Only now and again did a light puff of wind come, and they were forced to row almost the full forty miles. No matter. Shetland dipped under the sea rim, and, rowing, they jested of the haddock that had struck the red-faced rancelman so squarely in his face. Another month, and it would be the time of Laurencemass. They talked of ale and of dancing and feasting. Gulls wheeled above their boat. They watched the sporting porpoise. The sun shone warm. But though warm the sun and strong their arms and though the time of Laurencemass was nigh, they talked in low voices and jested quietly. Very carefully they talked and jested, cautious lest they use any of the land words that the dreaded Aesir so detested. Pagans, they were, the six of them; and pagan-like, they feared the Aesir and all other sea spirits mightily, though caring naught for da Loard.

It was not till well into the evening that Peter Garriock and his men shot their long lines with every hook well baited. Having shot them, they rested on the thwarts and ate meal and mutton and drank of their blaand. All was well. The sun had gone down from a sky without cloud into a sea upon which were nowhere any white horses. The horizon was clear and level on every hand. And now the bright stars were wakening one after another. The dreaded sea spirits were slumbering. Aye, sure it was that the Aesir was asleep in his cave deep down beneath the still water.

And then, sudden as the clapping of hands or the flinging wide of a door, the stars went out and whitecaps rose. The dark sea hissed angrily all about the boat, and harder and harder came the blasts of cold wind from the surrounding darkness. Sprays drove in whipping sheets across the boat, and no man in her could see the face of any other. Rain beat on Peter Garriock and his men. Rain changed to hail. Hail stung their faces, lashed their bare hands. Thunder rumbled. Lightning flared.

Hastily Peter Garriock and his men cut every line away. Hastily they fashioned a sea anchor — a triangle formed of three pieces of wood with a piece of strong canvas fastened over it and one end weighted. They dropped the sea anchor over the boat's bow and paid

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out the line, that her bow might be fetched up and held to face the wind and sea. All over da gruns for miles about Shetland other sixaern boats' crews were doing the same thing.

Forty miles from land Peter Garriock and his men fought for their lives against the Aesir's fury in the lightning-illumined night, in the lashing spray, the beating hail, beneath the crashing thunder. And when bye and bye the lightning ceased, and the thunder died, they fought for their lives in utter darkness while the winged birds flying shoreward screamed above them, and the hissing sprays drove over them, and the sea tops lopped ever and again into their tossing boat. Such fish as had been caught they flung to the sea, that the boat might be lightened. Having done so they bailed. All night they bailed and, bailing their hardest, just managed to keep their boat from being swamped.

All through the next day Peter Garriock and his men bailed, while the Aesir raged. Sometimes they saw another sixaern boat drift by, bottom up. To some of the bottom-up boats clung men shouting to them for help. Powerless to help, they bailed.

Dark fell again, and, well-nigh worn out, Peter Garriock and his men bailed on into another night. At some time in that night the line that held the sea anchor parted. Then while in utter darkness the other four bailed harder than ever, two men took long oars and fought to hold the boat's head to the wind and sea, lest she come broadside on to the weather, and be swamped. From time to time the oarsmen and the bailers changed places. There was no rest for anyone. There was no time for any food, had any food been left. Mutton, meal, and blaand had long ago been washed to the sea.

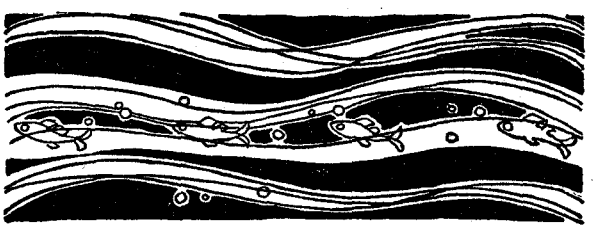
Day came again at last. And now Peter Garriock and his men were too exhausted to bail or to row any longer. Yet bail and row they must or die. So they bailed and they rowed.

In mid-morning of that second day there appeared far off upwind, half-hid in the driving spume, a barque. Cease bailing the bailers dared not. Nor did the oarsmen dare lay down their oars. No man dared pause to try to attract the barque's attention. Bailing and pulling at the long oars they watched the barque draw closer, their weary faces white as her storm-whitened canvas. Did she not see them, hope was dead.

And then presently the barque was rushing past the boat, so close that the nigh oarsman must needs pull in his oar. Not till the boat was almost beneath her down-heeled lee side did those on the barque see her. Then ropes were flung in that haste that none but such throwers of rope as are bred upon the deep seas know. And six haaf men grasped the ropes, and leaped from the swamping boat, and were hauled hand-over-hand in a twinkling to the barque's rolling and waterswept deck.

Since she was a Russian vessel out from Riga no man aboard the barque could speak to Peter Garriock or his men in any tongue they knew. But there was at first no need for speech, for plain enough it was that those six half-drowned and nigh frozen haaf men must be fed ere any talk could be. Leaning upon the Russian sailors, they were guided below decks. Not till there was vodka in him could Peter Garriock find speech. With warmth in his belly then he rose and, gesticulating to the Russian captain, pointed away in that direction where Shetland lay. And in sign language the Russian captain answered Peter Garriock: "If the storm ceases soon I take you back there."

But that gale raged on for all the rest of the day and far into the night. And so it was that the Russian captain stood on upon his course for half way round the world, leaving Shetland lost in the spume far astern.



IV

In that great gale, which still to-day is spoken of about the Shetland coasts as "da July gale," there perished one hundred and five haaf men. Seventeen haaf boats were lost with all their crews. Some boats came in to the beaches with dead men lying stiff and stark amongst the slippery fish scales on their bottom boards.

There was mourning in Federland, in Gloop, Unst, Uya, Norvik, Papa Stoor, Aith, Gott,

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Whalsey, and Kullinsbroch. Much talk there was in Kullinsbroch of Peter Garriock and his sons and men, the haaf men discussing the boards that had been built into his new boat. Had any wise old seaman been sent for to sain her? And had she been launched for sure at high tide and at high noon? And had she by some mishap been launched widdershins instead of sungaets? The sole new boat she had been to go forth from Kullinsbroch that year. And the wise old seaman who had sained her vowed that truly she had been sained aright, and that in none of her boards had been any misforn knot, and that she had been launched at high tide and at high noon and launched sungaets also. And then while the rancelman spoke of the haddock that had been flung full in his face, and of how never once had Peter Garriock or any of his men so much as looked into da kirk, the haaf men of Kullinsbroch shook their heads, remembering the godlessness of Peter Garriock and his sons and his men.

Weeks passed into months, and, as the dead must ever be if the world is to roll on, the dead were put out of mind. Widows dried their eyes, and children who someday would grow to be haaf men or haaf men's wives played on the beaches again. The landlord-merchants ordered new boards from Norway, and wise old seamen were sent for to sain them. Once again there came the time of Beltane, and once more the haaf men, looking forward to another Laurencemass, filed into the little kirk to ask da Loard for good fishing.

On the last Sabbath afternoon ere the haaf boats were to set forth the kirk at Kullinsbroch was well filled with haaf men. Save only they whose bones lay white upon the sea's bottom out on da gruns, each Kullinsbroch haaf man was there. Just within the door sat the rancelman. The day was cloudy with a chill wind and a chill rain falling, and the kirk door was closed. Now those within the kirk knelt, their heads bowed. Now they stood erect and in deep voices sang hymns to da Loard. And now they sat, their weather-lined faces turned to the minister in his little pulpit above them to the left of the chancel. At last the minister's voice died away. Silence fell. For a moment there was no sound in the kirk. And then at a gesture from the minister every haaf man rose to his feet. The minister's lips moved again. The lips of every haaf man, of every wife, and widow, and child moved. All together their voices rang out.

"Loard open da mouth o' da gray fish!" went up the prayer, so loud that for the moment the sounds of the gusty wind and of the rain that beat upon the little kirk were drowned.

Silence fell again, and for a moment ere they turned to go forth from the kirk each haaf man, each wife, each widow, each child stood still.

The rancelman turned to open the door of the kirk. But ere his hand could touch the iron handle the door opened, and a gust of the sea's cold wind blew in, bringing a spatter of chill rain with it.

The rancelman stood as though struck dumb. Each haaf man, each wife, each widow, each child stared open-eyed at the doorway.

In through the open door there walked Peter Garriock with bowed head. And at his heels walked his two sons, and at his sons' heels walked his three men. Slowly, with bowed heads, the rain dripping from them, their hats in their hands, they walked up the narrow aisle.

Come to beneath the pulpit Peter Garriock stopped, and his sons and his men stood still behind him. Lifting his face he looked up to the minister above him. His sons, his men, looked up to the minister.

Slowly the minister raised a hand, and slowly he made in the air the sign of the cross. Then bending a little toward Peter Garriock and his sons and men he spoke. And his words rang high and loud.

"Peter Garriock, where ha' ye been an' what ha' ye to say?" asked the minister.

Lost in the sound of the gusty wind and in the beat of the rain, the echo of the minister's voice died away. And as it died the voice of Peter Garriock was heard. Softly he spoke, at first, with humble eyes upon the face of the down-bending minister.

"We ha' been far an' we ha' seen much, minister," said Peter Garriock; and then his eyes left the face of the minister, and he looked up to and beyond the ceiling of the little kirk. And his next words came loud and high, ringing clear above the gusty wind and beating rain.

"*Loard open da mouth o' da gray fish!*" cried Peter Garriock.

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HOW CAN I KEEP MY TEETH?

BY PHILIP McKEE

I AM MOVED to the writing of these lines by the fact that I recently finished a long battle with my dentist — a battle from which I emerged with the loss of two teeth and the assurance that I shall probably lose two or three more within the next year or so.

These recent and predicted casualties came as a distinct surprise to me, since I have always thought that I took reasonably good care of my teeth — brushing them regularly and (at various times) with most of the pastes, powders, and other dentifrices advertised in the nation's magazines. I had thought, therefore, that I was not to be numbered among the "four out of five" who suffer from dread pyorrhea, was not to find "pink toothbrush" come suddenly upon me, was not to worry lest "film" dull my dental pearls and thus dim my social charm.

Well, it seems that I erred. The moment I eased my trembling frame into the dentist's chair it developed that I most certainly had pyorrhea, that pink toothbrush was with me (I already knew that), and that, film or no film, my teeth were not of the pearliest and weren't at all likely to become so.

Most of us are born with the reasonable assurance that we are going to have a mouthful of teeth at some time during our lives; yet we know, too, that in all probability we are going to suffer from tooth decay, early or late, and perhaps also from a variety of other oral ailments which may well result in the loss of all our teeth, to say nothing of the impairment of our general health. What, then, can we do about it? The answer, according to the best of current scientific opinion, is simple if not particularly encouraging.

FOUR OUT OF FIVE BELIEVE IT

IT WILL BE necessary to begin, I think, by dispelling an extremely popular illusion. We have been taught to believe that This-Or-That toothpaste (or perhaps it is a powder or liquid) contains some secret and mysterious ingredient which in itself protects the teeth from decay; which kills almost instantly the bacteria that cause softening, falling away, and bleeding of the gums; which kills with equal efficiency other bacteria that eat away the bone structure between and around the teeth, necessitating their eventual removal and the substitution of "dentures," as the dental profession now calls the "store teeth" known to our grandparents.

We are indebted for this illusion in the public mind to the gentlemen of the advertising profession. These gentlemen are engaged in the business of selling dentifrices, and the fact that they do sell them to the tune of $60,000,000 a year is high tribute to their business acumen, whatever you may think of their ethics.

It may be that the advertised germicidal agent does kill "millions of germs" in a few seconds, when brought into contact with these germs under ideal laboratory conditions (though government bacteriologists say that the germicidal power of almost all advertised dentifrices is grossly exaggerated). The point is that as used ordinarily — that is, when introduced into

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the mouth and held for at most a few moments — this alleged germicidal agent is negligible in its effect. It may kill a few million bacteria but it will leave hundreds of millions of the same bacteria alive and in the most robust health. It may effect this decimation among one kind of bacteria and leave other more dangerous ones absolutely unharmed. In any case it will have its germicidal effect merely among those bacilli which are superficially exposed. Bacteria which have really penetrated beneath the surface of the mouth tissues or found lodgment deep in the interstices between the teeth will be as safe from the advertised germicide as are Oregon residents from Florida hurricanes.

Some dentifrices make claims as to their ability to "whiten" the teeth. This, unfortunately, is impossible. Your teeth have a certain natural color, more or less white. You can keep them fairly clean, free from most stains, but no dentifrice, no matter how frequently and thoroughly you use it, can make them any whiter than they were to begin with. Still other preparations claim to prevent "acid mouth," which provides the ideal condition for the growth of decay-producing and other bacteria. What they really do is neutralize acidity for a few moments during and after use — that and nothing more.

A few advertised dentifrices are actually harmful because they contain poisons, harsh abrasives, too much soap for the mouth tissues, or acids which damage the enamel of the teeth. Most are quite harmless — mild cleansing agents which wash away part of the food deposits that harbor bacteria and help to remove the sticky film deposited on the teeth by the action of saliva on foodstuffs. None of them can prevent, materially alleviate, or cure any serious oral disorder.

Witness an editorial statement appearing in the June, 1933, issue of the *Journal of the American Dental Association:*

> The claim of therapeutic or bacteriostatic virtue in a dentrifice borders on the ridiculous. Granted for argument that in certain of these products there may be manifest a bacteriostatic action in a test tube, the fact remains that in the limited time consumed in brushing the teeth in the mouth any possible therapeutic effect is so infinitesimal or ephemeral that in the vernacular "it doesn't mean a thing."

If, then, you insist on using an advertised dentifrice, make your selection on just three counts — safety, flavor, and price. You can doubtless find a flavor that pleases you; and particularly in these days you will find some preparations priced much lower than others. You will still be spending far too much for your dentifrice, however, since there are unadvertised preparations which will do all any advertised dentifrice will do at about one-tenth the cost of the cheapest of them.

THE WHY AND HOW OF DECAY

LITTLE ENOUGH is known as to the cause of dental caries (tooth decay), in spite of the fact that it is the commonest disease known to man. (Incidentally there is a certain sardonic comparison in the fact that while only about five per cent of primitive peoples, who have never heard of toothbrushes, are affected by decay, toothbrush-conscious civilized peoples are afflicted in some countries to the extent of ninety-five per cent. The reasons for this are not clearly understood, but variation in diet is probably a considerable factor.)

However, the actual process of decay is quite definitely known. Lactic acid, formed by the fermentation of carbohydrates, dissolves the enamel crown of the tooth; the dentin and cementum, bone-like substances which constitute the body and roots of the tooth, suffer a similar acid dissolution accompanied by bacterial action. Food debris lodged in the mouth and acted on by the saliva provides the most favorable exciting condition for both of these actions.

Ordinarily decay starts when (1) there is a break in the enamel, due most often to a defect in structural formation; (2) abrasive action, usually too severe brushing, has pushed the gums away from the line of the enamel, thus exposing the much softer cementum to acid and bacterial action; (3) there is faulty contact

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between the teeth, or faulty dental work; and (4) calcareous deposits (tartar) have formed either above or below the line of the gums.

Once the acid and bacteria have penetrated the enamel, dentin, and cementum, they attack the pulp, which is the living, vital element of the tooth. Penetration to the pulp may have required months; but once the pulp is reached it may be destroyed in twenty-four hours. When that has happened the tooth is dead, and most dental authorities hold that it should be removed.

Tartar is of great importance because it not only promotes decay but also paves the way for even more serious troubles. It is formed by the addition of organic salts present in the saliva to a matrix of organic material — food debris, mucin, and bacteria — produced during the process of eating. It is hard, coarse, and porous, providing the ideal lodging place for colonies of bacteria and acid-forming food particles.

Part of this organic matrix or "film" may be removed by ordinary brushing, or better still with preparations especially designed to dissolve the film. Almost never, however, is it possible to do this so thoroughly that none of the mucin, no food debris, and no bacteria will remain. Furthermore, if there is any recession of the gums and the consequent lodgment of film below the gum line it is quite impossible to wash it away at all. And tartar itself, once formed even on the exposed surfaces of the teeth, can no more be removed with a toothbrush than the armor plate on a battleship can be removed with a can-opener.

Gingivitis and Pyorrhea

Tartar is one of the principal causes of gingivitis (pink toothbrush). Its formation, particularly at and below the gum line, brings about a purely mechanical irritation of the gingiva, or thin fringe of the gums which rises along the sides of and between the teeth. Healthy, the gingiva is pink, firm, knife-edged, clinging closely to the enamel surface of the tooth. Irritated and inflamed by the rough, hard calcareous deposits, it becomes swollen and tender, bleeds easily, and tends to fall away from the teeth.

Gingivitis may also be caused by a too acid diet or even by lacerating the gums with a toothbrush. In itself it is comparatively simple, since if uncomplicated it lends itself readily to local medication, and may even be remedied by careful massage of the gums with the fingers — a process which stimulates blood circulation. Its principal danger lies in the fact that when the diseased gingiva recedes from its close and smooth contact with the teeth the door is opened wide for the additional deposit of subgingival tartar or the inception of pyorrhea or Vincent's disease (trench mouth).

As in the case of decay, the cause of pyorrhea is unknown, its bacillus or bacilli still unidentified. Usually it attacks first the peridental membrane, a tissue jacket surrounding the concealed body and roots of the tooth, producing inflammation, pus formation, eventual destruction of the membrane itself. Later it attacks the alveolar process, the bony structure in which the teeth are set. Here its action is an actual eating away, beginning with the crests of the alveolar process which rise between the teeth and progressing gradually downward (that is, toward the roots) until there is no longer enough bone structure to support the teeth. As this happens the gums fold inward for lack of support, until the greater part of the normally concealed structure as well as the roots themselves is exposed. It may — in fact it will if untreated — progress to a point where the loosened teeth will come out of their sockets of their own accord. And meanwhile the entire system will have been flooded with toxins which promote if they do not actually cause a wide variety of ailments, including neuritis, rheumatism, arthritis, heart lesions, impairment of the sight, and affections of the sinus and antrims.

The most serious aspect of pyorrhea is that in its early stages it frequently gives little outward manifestation. It may be at work beneath gums which appear completely normal to the

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casual eye, and there may be no pain or other symptom to warn the victim.

There remains Vincent's disease, which became known during the war as "trench mouth." It is caused by known bacteria, manifests itself as a definite yellow-gray ulcerated condition of the tissues, and tends to spread over the entire mucous membrane of the mouth. Its bacteria are not normally present in the mouth, being introduced most often by the media of drinking cups or eating utensils. Usually it is acute, though it may become chronic. The patient runs a temperature, suffers pain, and experiences a definite malaise through the absorption of toxins into the system. It yields readily in most cases to the proper medication, but if untreated will attack the gums and alveolar process much as pyorrhea does; and when it does so its action is usually much more swiftly destructive.

What To Do About It?

It would be pleasant to assure you that by your own efforts you can avoid all these disorders and retain your full allotment of teeth until your dying day. Unfortunately it is impossible to do so, since the true causes of dental ills are so little understood, since no prophylaxis you can practice is at all likely to prove positive, and since the susceptibility of the individual to all dental ills varies so widely. Your neighbor, a careless fellow who either doesn't brush his teeth at all or at most dabs at them briefly with a frayed and ancient brush, may enjoy perfect dental health at all times. You, who have at your teeth several times daily with truly religious fervor, may suffer from swiftly deepening cavities; the constant and copious formation of tartar; gingivitis; pyorrhea; and Vincent's disease — all of these singly or collectively. There may even be as wide a variation as that among members of your own family, all living under identical conditions of health, diet, and dental hygiene.

Well then, what to do about it? You can do just two things — *brush your teeth frequently and correctly* and *watch your diet.*

Brushing your teeth *frequently* means brushing them upon arising, after each meal, and before retiring. *Correctly* means employing the proper brushing technique. There are several recommended; here's one of them. Use a *small* brush. Do not *scrub* the teeth (except their biting surfaces) or the gums. Place the brush against the sides of the teeth at such an angle that the tips of the bristles will penetrate the spaces between the teeth while the forward ends (but not the tips) will press gently against the gums. Move the brush a little from side to side across the teeth without dislodging the bristle tips and at the same time roll the brush toward the crown of the tooth so that the bristles will be pressed gently as far as possible between the teeth.

You will clean one or two teeth at a time, and the whole operation should require about three minutes. It is a more difficult and painstaking method than jabbing a large brush into your mouth and scrubbing frantically in all directions for perhaps as much as thirty seconds. But it is much more thorough and it avoids lacerating the gums and thus inviting infection.

If you're quite close to normal in your systemic character and condition the best thing you can use on your brush is a solution of ordinary table salt, about one-half teaspoonful in a glass of warm water. It will clean your teeth just as well as the most expensive *safe* toothpaste you can buy; its germicidal effect will be just as good (which is not much); and it will also serve to toughen the gums. If on the other hand you have a distinct systemic tendency toward acidity, use a similar solution of sodium bicarbonate, which is strongly alkaline in its reaction. Finally, if you are unusually susceptible to oral infection, use sodium perborate, which has a marked antiseptic effect through the liberation of nascent oxygen.

You can buy sodium bicarbonate and sodium perborate in flavored trade-marked preparations. But you can get the same results at far less cost with ordinary baking soda or the

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unflavored sodium perborate which the pharmacist uses in making up prescriptions.

If you must have a powder, your dentist can tell you how to make your own. It will probably contain precipitated chalk, a trace of the finest pumice, a little soap, a dash of peppermint or wintergreen flavoring, and some sodium perborate. Add glycerin to these ingredients and you will have a paste. Either one will cost far less and do just as much good as what you've been buying at the drug store.

Your diet should be well-balanced. Excessive amounts of the acid-forming foods such as meats and cereals will dispose you strongly toward dental ills. Generous quantities of fresh vegetables and fruits (the latter particularly at the end of the meal, when they will help to remove the film from your teeth) will decrease this systemic tendency to some extent. Thorough mastication is helpful too, in that it tends to keep the gums active and healthy.

These then are the things you can do yourself to keep your teeth in good health and in your mouth. But remember that they will go only part way, and not very far at that. You yourself *can not* clean your teeth as thoroughly as they should be cleaned from time to time; you *can not* prevent excessive mouth acidity if you're disposed to that condition; you *can not* prevent the formation of tartar; *and you can not, with any brush or dentifrice made, prevent, treat, or cure any really serious oral disorder.*

You may be interested in the economic aspect of the situation. A thorough cleaning of your teeth by a good dentist will cost from $2 to $10, depending upon the rather widely varying rates charged by the profession. Compare with that the cost of filling several neglect-induced cavities, which may well run as high as $20 each. A new tooth, if pyorrhea has made away with the original one, will cost from $30 to $50. If your neglect has cost you all your teeth you can get a set of plates from the "painless" parlors for as little as $10; but for one that gives you real satisfaction you may well pay as much as $1,000.

Only a dentist and only a good one can give your mouth the care it really ought to have. The priceless *preventive* measures he can take will depend entirely on how often you visit him. He may have to peer into your mouth and poke about a bit as rarely as once a year; on the other hand you may lose your teeth if he doesn't attend to them once in two months. He can do the things you can't do for yourself — really *clean* your teeth; scale off the accumulated tartar; find and fill incipient cavities; prevent, treat, or cure disease; keep your teeth in your mouth for you.

A visit to his office is no basket picnic as I can testify, who but recently completed a siege of thirty-one sittings, during some of which I fully expected to leap from the window, taking the chair with me. But I know it was worth all the agony it cost me; and I'm going back to see him again to-morrow — or at latest the next day.

Next Month: "Sterilization of the Unfit"
by Anthony M. Turano

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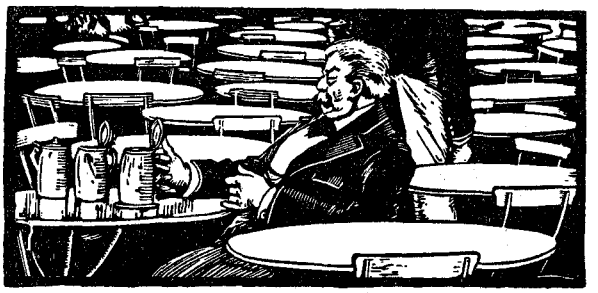
THE BOUNTIES OF BEER

Three Generations of Gentleman Brewers

BY MAX HENIUS



In the middle of the last century travel in Europe was by stagecoach. It was slow and uncertain. Passengers were, perhaps, compensated for the hardships of their journeying by the plenitude of flowing taverns on the way and the frequency of the halts made by the coaches at these roadside oases. At any rate, it was no uncommon sight, when the panting horses drew such a vehicle to a stop before an inn, if there ensued a concerted rush on the part of its occupants for the taproom.

One summer about this time a young man made such a journey from Munich in Germany to Copenhagen in Denmark. In some ways it was a peculiar journey. About the figure of the man himself there was nothing unusual. His features were ordinary, and he was dressed in the beaver hat, the tight trousers, and the long frock coat worn by most of his fellow travelers. His bearing was calm — a little too serious if anything. But it was not this that marked him apart from the others. It was his incomprehensible conduct on the occasions of the tavern stops.

Not that the young man was reluctant. On the contrary, he was (when he was able) the first to leap from the door of the coach. In his hand he would have an ordinary hatbox. The next moment he would be in a mad dash — not for the taproom — for the tavern pump! Hastily he would lift from the box a smallish tin container and with great care and obvious relief on his face he would douse the latter copiously with cold water! It is not written whether, this monumental task achieved, he lingered to join his companions within. But it is written that our friend was not a teetotaler.

For it was the year 1845, and the young fellow we have been observing was one J. C. Jacobsen, a Dane. He bore with him in his precious tin box nothing more nor less than three pounds of brewer's yeast which he (Poor fellow, he knew nothing of electric refrigeration!) was desirous of keeping fresh. He was on his way home.

Nothing very startling in this catalog of Mr. Jacobsen as he pumps water over his yeast in the innyard. But he and his tin box were destined to be the foundation of one of the greatest and (does it sound out of place?) most illustrious of Danish industries. They were the beginning of three generations of Jacobsen beer barons and public benefactors.

Danish beer was not, at that time, all that it might have been. It was clearly surpassed by the brews of both Germany and England. And J. C. (later Captain) Jacobsen, whose father had done a bit of brewing after an obscure, back-yard fashion, had tasted these superior concoctions and found them good. So good, in fact, that they resulted in a trip to Munich to learn the secret of the brewing of lager beer and in the peculiar return journey of the yeast, the tin box, and the innyard pumps.

To brew a proper lager in large quantities it is necessary to have tremendous storage facilities. Jacobsen soon found his pleasantly growing business embarrassed by a lack of these. It was providential indeed that the city of Copenhagen was at that date still encircled by a series of great ramparts of defense. Properly altered they would be ideal storage vaults. Jacobsen wrote to the King about it.

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Perhaps Jacobsen had a persuasive tongue. Or perhaps the King had tasted the Jacobsen product. At any rate, the permission was granted to construct "Brewer Jacobsen's Cellar under the Ramparts." It was constructed. More people drank Danish lager.

This was in 1846. Not long afterward it became obvious that Brewer Jacobsen would have to expand again. This time he chose a site on the heights outside Copenhagen (but now within the city), where he built a great brewery and called it Carlsberg — after his son Carl, touchingly enough. In ten years it was producing 28,200 barrels of beer annually, and before long expanded still further, to become one of the greatest breweries in the world. In short, the saga of J. C. Jacobsen is a success story.

II

However, I do not expect American readers to be thrilled by the success story of a Danish brewer. There have been one or two such tales related in American primers — even if the American imagination has been more often captured by an epic of steel or oil or a neat adventure in electric power. It is rather the sequel to the Jacobsen success story which is unique, and at the risk of boring the reader I should like to relate what Jacobsen and his heirs did with the profits of Bavarian lager.

In 1859 the magnificent sixteenth-century castle of Frederiksborg on the island of Zealand was burned to the ground. Jacobsen led the movement to rebuild it; he contributed over 1,000,000 kroner for the restoration of its interior; he used his great influence with the King to turn the completed castle into a public museum of national history.

In 1871 Captain Jacobsen gave his son Carl a brewery — New Carlsberg. It was modeled after the old plant and shortly became a flourishing enterprise. Whimsically enough, it actually was run in competition with the first Carlsberg brewery.

Jacobsen had a laboratory in connection with his own brewery and in 1875 he made it an independent scientific institution known as the Carlsberg Laboratory. It was here that Emil Hansen made his discovery of the pure yeast culture.

Jacobsen's great plan was begun with the founding of the Carlsberg Fund. The Fund was originally secured by a mortgage of 1,000,000 kroner on the brewery. Later another 1,000,000 kroner were added, and, capping all, Jacobsen's will deeded the entire brewery to the Fund!

The purpose of the Carlsberg Fund is to conduct the Carlsberg Laboratory and to promote the study of natural sciences, mathematics, philosophy, history, and linguistics. It is governed by a directorate from the Royal Danish Society of Sciences. Its total wealth is now estimated to be about 48,000,000 kroner. It has made possible, among a thousand other activities, arctic explorations, deep-sea research, and archeological excavations on the island of Rhodes.

Captain Jacobsen died in 1887. His son Carl continued to operate New Carlsberg and to reveal the public spirit of his father. In 1888 he established the New Carlsberg Glyptothek, a gallery of Danish classical and French sculpture which is now of international renown. His wife founded the Albertina Foundation, for the purpose of providing the parks of Copenhagen with statuary. He earned the affectionate public title of The Brewer. It was spoken with honor. He died in 1914. Thirteen years earlier he had deeded New Carlsberg to the Carlsberg Fund, excepting only a moderate income from the earnings for his family.

Carl's elder son Helge is a director of the Glyptothek and of the New Carlsberg Fund. The younger, Vagn, is on the managing board of the two breweries. His fellow citizens call him, as they did his father, The Brewer. It is still spoken with honor.

In the last will and testament of Captain J. C. Jacobsen is the following passage: "The guiding principle upon which the brewery is to be conducted, and which is to be kept constantly in view, regardless of immediate profit, is the development of beer-manufacturing to the highest possible perfection, in order that this brewery and its product may always be worthy of being looked upon as models, thus contributing toward keeping the brewing of beer in this country on a high and honorable level."

Peculiar people, these Danes. There hasn't been even a baseball team in three generations of brewers.

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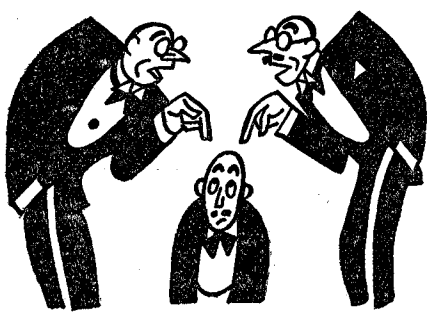
RADIO REVIEWS

New Year Charivari

BY CYRUS FISHER

DURING 1934 we may hear several full two-and-a-half-hour broadcasts of New York stage hits; the number of musical, dramatic, and informative broadcasts of decidedly worth while content will increase; if the depression breaks, we will be buying television sets near the end of the year; all-wave receivers will grow steadily more popular, and we will become accustomed to tuning in on foreign broadcasts; the average of one minute, fifty seconds for a commercial on each sponsored quarter hour will be considerably reduced by the brighter, shrewder programs; on the other hand, the mush-mouth boys and brethren will lay it on thicker, and radio announcers will continue to graft Hollywood Oxford on East Peoria stems. All in all, I think you will discover that 1934 will be a much richer, livelier, and more tumultuous radio year than 1933 ever was. I, for one, wouldn't miss it even if I had to listen every night to "Cap'n Dobbsie"!



WAGNER AND SPINACH

New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, directed by Bruno Walter. Lawrence Gilman, commentator. Kenneth Roberts, announcer. Breen, production. Gilbert, engineer. Jon Schimek, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. Full network. 3:00–5:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

Those sturdy souls who lump Wagner and spinach together to be downed from a sense of duty will miss the significant part of the New York Philharmonic broadcasts — the vigorous, almost joyous execution. Maestro Walter cuts through the conventional film of Wagnerian programs. His excerpts of ample length are filled with great goodness. Miss Alsen and Mr. Althouse made me swoon with delight in the Venus and Tannhauser duet, and I even approved of Mr. Gilman's satisfactory comments, despite his lamentable tendency to pant when he ran out of superlative adjectives.

Curtis Symphony Orchestra, directed by Fritz Reiner. Norris West, announcer. Anspach, production. Morrow, engineer. Norris West, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. Full network. 3:45–4:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

This is the fifth radio season for the Curtis Symphony Orchestra. The students comprising the ninety-piece orchestra handle their instruments with more assurance than most old hands at the trade. Their Mozart numbers are particularly fetching. The entire student program has a charm which, somehow, the acolyte next door, practicing on the harmonica, still seems unable to locate.

OPTIMISTIC DRAMA

Elmer Everett Yess, featuring John Eldridge. Harry Von Zell, announcer. Sponsored by Chrysler Motors. Please see below for advertising time. CBS. National. 8:00–8:15 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

This series has the commercial references incorporated in the story itself. It is important because it may become the precursor of the sponsored dramatic program of the future. If Mr. Eldridge, as the insufferable "Elmer," didn't yap so long and hard, "Elmer Everett Yess" might become a museum piece in 1935.

Grand Hotel, featuring Anne Seymour and cast. Gene Rouse, announcer. For continuity-writers please see below. Sponsored by Campana Corporation. Over 3 minutes' advertising time, NBC. National. 5:30–6:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

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Campana presents the still successful "First Nighter." This sponsor also launched the curious side-wheeler "Fu Manchu," which was one of those things. Mr. Hughes, who built the "First Nighter," laid out an oak-hewn keel in the device of a "little theater off Times Square," wherein new half-hour plays appear weekly. Here we have ample variety, giving writers an important market and the opportunity to experiment in radio plays. Although Campana's newest vessel, "Grand Hotel," was constructed according to a similar plan (weekly dramas staged within the confines of a hotel instead of a stage), the hotel imbroglios smell of paper palm trees. They lack the constantly renewed scope of the "First Nighter" productions. Despite the cast's brave pumpings, "Grand Hotel" too often scrapes bottom, since all the water was drained from the idea by the cinema play and book of the same name.

Post Mortems

Old Gold Program, featuring George Moran and Charles Mack and Waring's Pennsylvanians. David Ross, announcer. Loesch, production. La Porte, engineer. Sponsored by Old Gold. 1 minute, 30 seconds of advertising time. CBS. Full network. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

By the time this issue is out the chances are that the black-face team of Moran and Mack will be, too. They bring back nostalgic memories of pre-depression days when their "Why bring that up?" was a major reason for purchasing a phonograph. Given some five minutes on the current "Old Gold" quarter hour, their deadly waits, colorless dialogue, and flat-footed puns represent a curious throwback on a program decorated with the brightly modern polyphonics of Waring's Pennsylvanians.

"Beer," featuring H. L. Mencken and William Lundell and Frank Black's Orchestra. Alwyn Bach, announcer. Miller, engineer. Street, sound effects. Mencken, continuity. NBC. National. One time: October 18th.

The bellicose original who enriched the Germanic languages with modern American heating and plumbing has publicly passed on to his reward. But such is the miracle of beer that Mr. Mencken's shade still lingered on long enough to discourse with great amiability upon the merits of good beer compared to bathtub gin. What is more, the scene of this discourse was located in a beer hall with the most deceptive duplication of those liquid and inspiring sounds proper to such a resort. As a second Charmides, Mr. Lundell nobly upheld his share of the dialogue. Mr. Black produced a magnificent reproduction of a genuine beer-hall *Radetzky March*. Furthermore, he permitted the stalwart ghost of Mr. Mencken to fulfill an overpowering ambition to direct an orchestra. The obstreperous musicians promptly ran away from the ghost, who was finally placated by more seidels of beer. During the program he said in a mildly explosive voice: "Beer is as harmless as noodle soup, and you need no tools to get it down." Certainly, you required no tools, no high-pressured reassurances to down this half hour. It flowed as easily and spontaneously as two quarts of *Paulaner-brau dunkels*, fresh from the spigot, just out of the cellar.

National Advisory Council Debate: "Resolved: that the United States Should Adopt the British System of Radio Operation and Control." Introduction by Dr. Levering Tyson. Affirmative: Professor E. C. Buehler, Dr. C. C. Cunningham, and Dr. H. L. Eubank. Negative: Dr. H. W. Chase, Dr. C. H. Judd, and Dr. T. V. Smith. NBC and CBS. National. One hour. November 1st.

For the first time the merits and disadvantages of the American radio system were brought to the attention of the national radio audience in a debate, on the whole, of great excellence. The only weakness was part of the affirmatives' rebuttal where they insisted: "You should not give the people what they want . . . the way to cultivate higher cultural tastes is to expose them to cultural programs." The prohibitionists, I believe, expressed a somewhat similar philosophy.

On the Serious Side

National Student Federation, featuring a varied selection of grand speakers. Fred Willis, director. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 2:30–2:45 P.M. EST. Every Monday.

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If you have time in the afternoon, forget the rather forbidding name of the above program and tune in. The subjects are invariably timely. They are delivered with no attempt to climb down to the level of what is supposed to be the average radio listener.

Academy of Medicine, featuring a series of medical talks for laymen. Fred Willis, director. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 11:45–12 noon. EST. Every Thursday.

It is unfortunate that these unpretentious, reassuring little programs have not been brought more strongly to the attention of the listening public. The dryly sane talks are a blessing and a relief after the flood of cure-alls pouring out over the air for the benefit of a nation of hypochondriacs.

Public Affairs Institute, featuring speakers concerned with national and international affairs. Robert Trout, announcer. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 10:00–10:15 P.M. EST. Every Saturday.

None of the gentlemen lured to the microphone by the cagy Mr. Trout have the tendency to blather in the manner of many of our oiled and anointed statesmen not offered the privileges of the "Public Affairs Institute." Consequently, this is a program which presents compact and frequently valuable information.

Revues

Seven Star Revue, featuring Nino Martini, with Jane Froman, Julius Tannen, Vagabond Glee Club, and Erno Rapée's Orchestra. Ted Husing, announcer. Sponsored by the makers of Linit. Approximately 3 minutes', 40 seconds' advertising time. CBS. National. 3:00–4:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

This is a lively, competently produced review, featuring Nino Martini, one of the most agreeable tenors in the business. Miss Froman seems more inspired than usual. Erno Rapée's musicians and the Vagabond Glee Club prance light-heartedly. Only the comic Julius Tannen seems to have trouble. His jokes are amusing, but the funny magazines always seem to print them about a month ahead of his broadcasts.

Bing Crosby, with Lenny Hayton's Orchestra and Chorus. Ken Niles, announcer. Rickenbacker, production. Merrick, director. Sponsored by Woodbury. 2 minutes', 20 seconds' advertising time. CBS. National. 8:30–9:00 P.M. EST. Every Monday.

It is only Christian to record that somewhere since Mr. Crosby's last mention here, he has learned to sing cleverly and smoothly. The choruses are no longer slaughtered. Mr. Hayton has put an end to most of his coltish symphonics and usually manages to find one number long enough for dancing.

Harlem Serenade, with Claude Hopkins' Orchestra and Hall Johnson Singers. Direction and continuity by Ted Long. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 8:30–9:00 P.M. EST. Every Thursday.

The "Harlem Serenade" offers smooth blending of instruments and voice, pleasing ensemble work, three pre-hidiho songs by Miss Aida Ward (whose enunciation is a pleasure to listen to), and two spirituals by the Hall Johnson Singers. It is all straight, moving music without the usual guff too inevitable on this type of program.

Children's Department

Dr. Dolittle, with Clifford Walker and cast. Hugh Lofting, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. NBC. Regional. 5:30–5:45 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday and Thursday.

The adventures of the famous "Doctor Dolittle," played by a cast which refrains from all mushiness, should appeal to the five- to twelve-year-old group. Recommended.

The Wizard of Oz, with Frank Novak ("The One-Man Band") and cast. Bennett Grauer, announcer. Sponsored by General Foods Corporation. 2 minutes' advertising time. NBC. Regional. 5:45–6:00 P.M. EST. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The Cowardly Lion, the Tin Woodman, Dorothy, and all the other fantastic characters of a fascinating series of stories come to life again, aided and abetted by Mr. Novak's nimble melodies. Let your children listen in, by all means.

Circus Days, with cast and eight-piece orchestra. Courtney Riley Cooper, continuity (dramatized from his own stories). Sponsored by Harold F. Ritchie Company. NBC. Regional. 7:30–7:45 P.M. EST. Every Friday and Saturday.

"Circus Days" is uncommonly well-produced by a writer who understands his subject. There is a judicious mixture of comedy and adventure. The minor blood-and-thunder motif might make "Circus Days" a little too strenuous for youngsters under twelve; for the higher age-groups beginning to wonder about long pants, perfumes, and each other, this series about the big top is practically perfect.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Apology for Our Apology

In our April Rostrum we apologized to the Chase National Bank because we were informed that Dalton Trumbo had "greatly exaggerated the facts" in his article "Hollywood Pays" in the February, 1933, Forum. *Mr. Trumbo wrote:* "Fox Pictures has borrowed so many millions from Chase National Bank that it begins to be a serious question whether Chase controls Fox or Fox controls Chase. The sum involved — between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000 — belongs to the realm of war reparations."

It now appears that Mr. Trumbo did not "greatly exaggerate." He was in error only 10.6 per cent. An Associated Press dispatch in the New York Herald Tribune *(November 23, 1933) records the following official figures:* "Mr. Aldrich's statement showed that the bank and its affiliate had invested in or lent the huge theater enterprise $89,330,047. Of this amount $69,572,180 had been written off as losses in October, 1933, leaving a balance of $19,757,866."

National Securities Act

To the Editor:

It is clear that I have not the training necessary to analyze effectively Mr. George E. Bates' article on the Securities Act (December Forum).

To a business man like myself, interested in the common good, it seems clear, however, that if there is any "balance" in the legislation — as is reasonable to expect in legislation by us imperfect human beings — then that balance should be in favor of the protection of the public which has suffered so grievously in the past years by the issuance and methods of sale of securities.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the losses undergone by the general public from these causes, and the resulting present suffering of very large numbers of our citizens, including very many of our workers and widows and orphans. Moreover, these losses have resulted in so seriously diminishing the buying power of our people that they have been a large contributing factor to the resulting unprecedented depression.

Edward A. Filene
Boston, Mass.

Canadian Liquor Control

To the Editor:

No thinking person can question the conclusions of Mr. Phillips' study ("Liquor Control in Canada," December Forum). The future program — one hesitates to say "remedy" — is contained in the serious education of the young, an education strongly supported by the government, prepared by experts employing modern pedagogical methods and holding complete responsibility for production and government distribution.

Lillian D. Wald
Saugatuck, Conn.

Many people have written on the subject but Mr. William Phillips, Under Secretary of the Secretary of State of the United States has shown every thoughtful reader just why he holds the responsible position in the State Department by the balanced way in which he has handled the liquor problem in Canada. . . .

The article in The Forum will contribute to clear thinking and to safe conclusions. Long live The Forum! This country needs nothing more than it needs an open forum in pulpit, platform, and magazine where both sides can be fairly presented. No subject has suffered from lopsided propaganda more than the subject of liquor control and prohibition. Articles were printed in magazines utterly inaccurate in statement of facts and fallacious in reasoning to which no reply whatever could be wedged into the columns by the other side.

Clarence True Wilson
Methodist Board of Temperance
Washington, D. C.

Forum Book Critic

On December 6 the Editor gave a welcoming party at his home for the new literary critic of The Forum, *Mary M. Colum, who has returned to America from France.*

William Rose Benét
in the Saturday Review of Literature:

"Everyone of sapience knows that Mary M. Colum, Padraic Colum's wife, is the best woman critic in America. There is no one in her class. . . . Mr. Leach tells me that she has now become 'a sort of columnist' of The Forum, and I congratulate him heartily on his acquisition. Also I am glad that, after a severe illness and a long convalescence abroad, 'Molly' Colum is restored to us and will soon be back in this country — to put a little real ginger into literary controversy."

To the Editor:

It seems to me that Mary Colum's article puts very clearly and reasonably our hopes — and chances — for emergence from the true-confession school of writing, as well as pointing out that you cannot boss the literary humanities around forever even in this country.

Margaret Culkin Banning
Duluth, Minn.

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With her comments on specific authors I agree to a higher extent than is common among critics.

JOHN ERSKINE
New York, N. Y.

Arresting, very. Besides, the entire matter is most forcefully argued and beautifully written.

THEODORE DREISER
New York, N. Y.

WEBSTER ON OUR LANGUAGE

To the Editor:

Strictly speaking, what Mr. Webster is discussing in his article ("They Don't Speak Our Language," December FORUM) is not slang but trade argot. The distinction, however, is not important. The best inventions of argot quickly pass into slang, and after that, if there is any real durability in them, into the general language. English has been enriched by that process for centuries past, and the business is still going on. Some of the words and phrases that Mr. Webster lists certainly deserve to go into wider use.

H. L. MENCKEN
Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Webster is to me one of the leading commentators on modern American life. . . . The natural reaction to a sample of "They Don't Speak Our Language" (December FORUM) is the feeling that Mr. Webster is spreading it on a bit thick, but when he does hit upon a field which directly concerns the individual reader, one is surprised to discover how convincing and realistic the dialogue becomes. This is the acid test.

RING LARDNER, JR.
Princeton, N. J.

ARE WE CREATING PAUPERS?

Mr. Cullman, Commissioner of the Port of New York Authority disagrees with Elwood Street's article ("The Results of Relief," December FORUM*) and concludes as follows:*

The solution for all three groups, I believe, lies in a drastic revision of our philosophy and methods of relief. We must accept the premise that charity in itself degrades and debases its recipient, and that of all forms of charity probably the most degrading is the hand-out — the food ticket which destroys initiative and independence.

We must give work, wherever possible — work of any kind. And I believe that far more can be done in this field than has yet been attempted. Only through work can the self-respecting unemployed retain their self-esteem. Only through work can the racketeering of the professional panhandler be ended. Through work relief an adequate check can be maintained on unscrupulous employers.

Granting that there remains a group for whom work cannot be found, their problem must be met by cash relief, adequately supervised by modern social-service methods. Only through the use of cash can this group be educated to any kind of social independence and lifted above the medieval level of dependence on food and clothing largess.

Viewing the situation in perspective, it would seem that the rational solution of our difficulties is a wise plan of unemployment insurance or reserves. And I firmly believe that now, when the evils of depression are vivid in our minds, is the time to get such laws inscribed on our statute books. Unemployment insurance, I believe, is the only permanent safeguard against the social tragedy that is being enacted in the country to-day.

HOWARD S. CULLMAN
New York, N. Y.

Frieda S. Miller, Director of the Division of Women in Industry in the State of New York Department of Labor submits in evidence a vivid human document, a letter from a working girl.

My dear ——,

Please will you consider these few lines from a working girl who works in —— making all kinds of batteries. The men work in the lead department and get lead poison. It is dangerous to our health. I was laid off Friday with 20 other girls. They put in a new machine to take our places — in a depression is it fair to humanity? They signed up to NRA, two weeks ago but that doesn't mean a thing to them. I always buy under NRA. I live up to all rules of our flag and what it stands for — nobody could be more patriotic. My father died 1918 — I have to support my mother, why not put a tax on these machines — the factory can make their millions while the county has to keep us. We don't want charity — we want to earn our bread, by the sweat of our brow — that is God's will. These are trying times for all of us. I am hungry as I write — 20 other girls. They lay us off. That is a big word. We will not get work unless the machine gets a hammer thrown in. I would rather go over the falls than ask for charity sitting on a bundle of straw — will not get me something to eat — I can't see my mother hungry and cold. Please advise. If this letter you think is worth replying. I would like a few words from you — try hard to put a tax on all machinery. We have to live. How can we with machinery taking our place? Thanks very much for reading.

Sincerely, ——

I could not but feel that it is a great pity that such articles as Mr. Street's ("The Results of Relief," December FORUM) have to be written. That is, with

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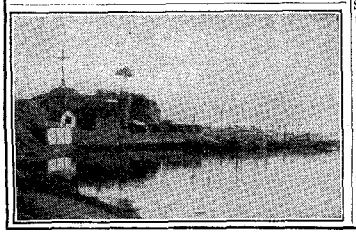

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a large percentage of our population without work and without funds through no fault of their own, that there are still those who apparently have to be told that the relief or work relief which these unfortunates receive will not demoralize them. Our experiences should have taught us quite differently. Has the enactment of workmen's compensation laws, whereby injured workmen receive two-thirds of their weekly wage during their period of disability, brought upon us a group of malingerers who prolong their period of disability rather than go back to work? Quite to the contrary. In normal times with work available, not more than one per cent of men and women who suffered from compensable industrial accidents are guilty of such conduct. And this same line of argument is made by some who are opposed, for example, to any form of unemployment insurance, i.e., that by enacting such legislation we will discourage work and create a pauper class in this country. Those who so argue seem to forget that the American working man secures just as much joy out of a job well done as the rest of us, and that he takes the same pride in workmanship and has the same needs and desires for creative expression.

All he wants is work and a wage which permits him to live in health and decency and with a sense of some kind of security. And one finds an eagerness among the unemployed to return to productive labor, not alone because of a desire for economic independence which has been born and bred in their bones, but for the spiritual satisfaction which work brings.

And so, Mr. Editor, while on the one hand I congratulate you upon the publication of Mr. Street's article, at the same time I am sorry such things still have to be said.

NELLE SWARTZ

Albany, N. Y.

NANCY ASTOR

To the Editor:

The significance of Lady Astor's article ("What Religion Means to Me," December FORUM) seems to me to lie in its note of confidence. She has found, she says, "the pearl of great price." There is no hesitation or doubt in the simple statement. That is something one does not hear often nowadays. Men ask questions, hesitate, discuss, but they seldom say "I know." Lady Astor does. She has found, she says, "the more abundant life." Religion to her is like the sunlight permeating the atmosphere of a darkened

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room. It streams into all the open spaces and the darkest corners and gives her a clue to the meaning of what she sees. It is in everything, and everything is colored by it. Just why any one should necessarily choose Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy for a spiritual guide on *all* ways of life because she has inculcated one truth, however important, in the hearts of her followers is not easy to understand, but the fact remains that she has inspired in many, and Lady Astor among them, a sense of the value and importance of religion. That is the strength of Lady Astor's position. She has a religion which is usable, and she uses it.

JEAN LAVEROCK BOWIE

New York, N. Y.

CHALLENGE TO CONTRIBUTORS

To the Editor:

After reading your recent editorial on personality I wonder why you don't have articles and editorials dealing with the aspects of the general situation which you suggest. Such as, for instance, on the technique of "attracting health and happiness by calm, constructive thinking." I practice that, but I'd like immensely to learn new tricks at it.

I'd like to read articles on the proper use of leisure. Not that I ever expect to have any; I can always think of more things to do than three lives would find time for, but I would like to read articles suggesting to other people the things I'll never have time for. There's all the uncollected Folk stuff which I'd like to read . . . and the technique of successful prayer . . . and the promotion of Folk Art . . . heaps and heaps of useful and instructive things to be done, observed, and studied.

I'm getting tired of economics, banking, taxes, and all the rest of the mess that obsesses everybody. I'd even be glad to read an article on "the art of constructive thinking," if anybody could write such an article that would really tell you how to do it. As for the superconsciousness, I am and always have been more interested in it than the subconscious. Why don't you talk about it more in your magazine?

MARY AUSTIN

Santa Fé, N. M.

HANIEL LONG'S POEMS

To the Editor:

Some will say this piece by Haniel Long (December FORUM) is not a poem but a discumbobulated arrangement of argufying prose. Others would say it is anti-Fascist propaganda and that the gentle Haniel Long has set out to bring in converts, whereas I know it is all Haniel Long can do to keep himself converted. If he should ever make a convert, as such, the first thing he would do would be to give the convert the horse-laugh. This "1933 (*Epilogue*)" is to me a fugue in words—it pursues a fugitive theme and does it in a musical and personal way.

CARL SANDBURG

Harbert, Mich.

Haniel Long's poem is very moving in a universal way.

JEAN CRAMNER

Denver, Col.

ARE WE BECOMING ANTS?

To the Editor:

Mr. Langdon-Davies' arguments are very formidable but I still don't believe we are going to turn into an ant civilization. There is still too much of the unconformability of the chimpanzee in us.

LOGAN CLENDENING

Kansas City, Mo.

DECEMBER EDITORIAL — FROM READERS

Philadelphia, Pa.—I am much interested in your editorial and hope it means that THE FORUM will again open its columns to both sides of the Prohibition issue, since, believe me, the Drys are numerous and firm in their opinions.

New York, N. Y.—The part which the women should play in solving the present problem might be stressed more strongly in your article. Now, as in the olden days, they should set an example by not indulging excessively in alcohol, which unfortunately, is often not the case, as one frequently finds well-bred women more under the influence of alcohol than their male companions.

Boston, Mass.—I agree that it would be better for all concerned if there were a national distributing bureau and federal control for the sale of liquor, because it seems more probable that if private profit were removed from sale of liquor, there would not be nearly as much likelihood of undue forcing of sales.

Chicago, Ill.—Was Clarence True Wilson considered quite as you refer to him? I always assumed that he would join others in piling high the wood which would make an all-consuming fire for anyone who dared to take a cocktail.

WE BREED BIRDS

THE FORUM *is read in China. In a magazine published in Shanghai, October 21, 1933, appears a half-page advertisement of song birds. We quote as follows:*

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

PROLETARIAN LITERATURE — IS IT LITERATURE?

Mary M. Colum

Mrs. Colum deals in her customarily fair but emphatic fashion with a topic that has bothered a multitude of critics: the artistic value of Marxist writing.

HARE AND HOUNDS

Russell H. Peters

Mr. Peters predicts a merry chase of the Administration by the radical farm leaders all through the present session of Congress. The farmers by no means all agree, but they are all aroused. Excitement, if not progress, says Mr. Peters.

OUR "POPULAR" SONGS

Kenneth S. Clark

Why do the tunes of to-day vanish into oblivion with the "plugging" of to-morrow's hit? Are modern music and lyrics in some way lacking in the appeal of favorites of twenty-five years ago? Mr. Clark gives a pretty good answer.

AN AMERICAN MANIFESTO

Archibald MacLeish

Does the collapse of our democracy leave but two alternatives — communism or a dictatorship? Here is a proud declaration that it does not. Mr. MacLeish points a way out if we substitute hope for hatred as our ruling motive.

MAIN STREET IN 1933

Irving Bacheller

The rural Main Street of his youth beckoned the careworn Mr. Bacheller, so he took his wife — New York born and bred — for a bucolic holiday. Both hardy spirits returned alive, but their tale is one to chill the blood.

A CODE FOR HOUSEWIVES

Catherine Hackett

The author, who was successful professionally before she took up the amateur problem of making a home, looks into this code proposition and comes to a sentimental conclusion. The housewife's creed, she declares, ought to remain individual, if not rugged.

THE SKIN GAME

Ragna B. Eskil

American women spend nearly two billion dollars a year on cosmetics. What do they get for it? Not very much, says Miss Eskil. She has other things to say, too, including a very authoritative prediction of what they may get in the future, as medical research learns more about the skin.

OTHER FEATURES

"Back to the Old Home Town," by Anna Steese Richardson; another Negro sketch, "Ozella," by Felix Noland; "Making the New Deal Permanent," by Earl Chapin May; "The Electric Brain," another of John Langdon-Davies' scientific articles for the layman.

To Be Published Soon: "What Religion Means to Me," by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, $5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.
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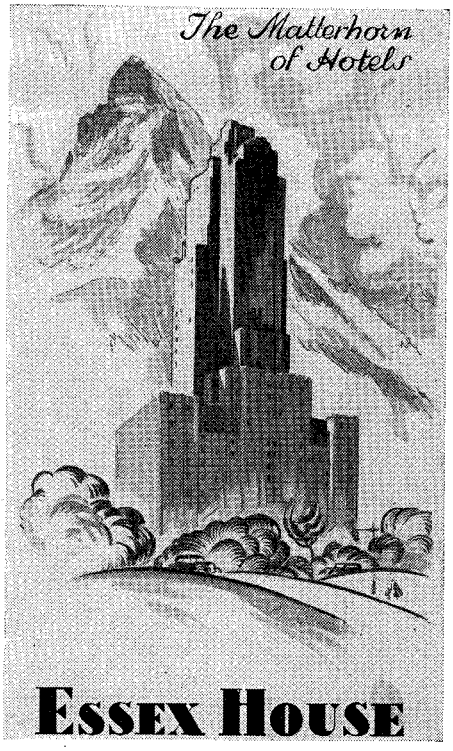

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TOASTS

EDDIE DOWLING'S first stage job was in a London music hall. He has been in vaudeville and in the Broadway spotlight, is the author of numerous plays, and is now a cinema producer. He has long been among the President's closest friends.

H. H. RAILEY, once an associate editor of THE FORUM and for many years a newspaper man, has made first-hand observations in eastern Europe which qualify him as an expert in the affairs of that region.

MARY M. COLUM'S critical ability is finding steadily wider recognition. She has recently published several new stories.

CHARLES F. STECK, JR., former pastor of Christ Lutheran Church, Detroit, has resigned in protest against church practices.

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN, a graduate of Northwestern University, has been a Washington newspaper man since 1926. He is a frequent and familiar magazine contributor.

HERMAN WILDENVEY'S poetry has become immensely popular in his native Norway.

CATHERINE HACKETT, formerly a Washington newspaper correspondent, now styles herself "a practicing housewife." She is also engaged in a child-welfare investigation for the Department of Labor.

JOHN C. STERLING, a native of Bridgeport and a Dartmouth graduate, after a career in publishing and advertising, is Vice-President of the McCall Company.

JOHN M. WARBEKE has studied and traveled in Europe, Africa, and the Far East and has taught philosophy at Williams, Amherst, and Mount Holyoke. He is the author of *The Searching Mind of Greece*.

THE ANONYMOUS author of "A Mother-in-Law Speaks for Herself" describes herself as "an old-type New Englander," most of whose life has been occupied by family duties and welfare work.

RICHARD ALDINGTON, well-known British author, had a poem, "A Place of Young Pines," published in the December FORUM.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES, already familiar to FORUM readers, is the author of numerous books on science and philosophy.

FELIX NOLAND is a native of Mississippi and has lived in Minnesota since her marriage. She did little writing until recently, and her sketch in this issue is one of her first published efforts.

WILSON COMPTON has taken degrees at four colleges and universities. He has been a teacher of economics, has held several federal advisory positions, and has for years been prominent in the lumber industry.

ANTHONY M. TURANO was born in southern Italy and brought up in the Far West. He educated himself, studied law, and is now practicing in Reno.

CYRUS FISHER is a linguist, student of the drama, and writer of detective stories.

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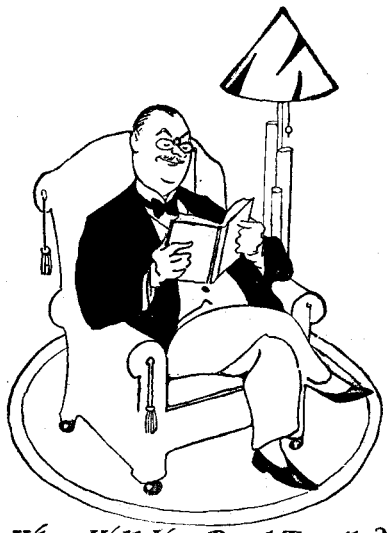

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION, by Ernest K. Lindley (Viking, $2.50). If you want to know what it's all about — from the banking crisis to the NRA — you could ask for no more conscientious history of the New Deal than Ernest Lindley's. Necessarily such a chronicle does not make easy reading — crammed as it is with facts, statistics, and explanations of specific bills and measures — but it is reading that ought to be required. There are, moreover, lighter aspects. Mr. Lindley (who was assigned to "cover" Roosevelt several years ago and has stayed on the job ever since) has some interesting things to say about the early phases of the President's political growth, and about the roots of a philosophy which, Mr. Lindley maintains, was well matured before Roosevelt reached the White House. Add Mr. Lindley's character sketches of the Brain Trust and of the other men close to the President, and one can see that the book is not all hard going. With Roosevelt as an individual, and with his fundamental policies, Mr. Lindley is obviously in sympathy. He is not so rash, however, as to predict the outcome of the experiment. "Mr. Roosevelt," he says, "may turn out to be the Kerensky of the Revolution. However, Mr. Roosevelt is a far abler man than most of the figures who have been thrown up in the transitional periods of history."

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE, by Ralph Roeder (Viking, $3.50). Obviously this is one of the books which will long outlive a single publishing season. A whole age is Mr. Roeder's subject, and in order best to point it he has chosen four figures who exemplify the leading traits in the man of the Renaissance. Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione, and Aretino are these four, running the gamut from religion to sensuality. Tidy, isolated biographies, however, are no part of Mr. Roeder's plan. His book covers the whole period from 1494 to 1530, and its pages are so richly freighted with fact, anecdote, color, and theory, so packed with personalities, that one is almost exhausted by plenitude. Mr. Roeder is a psychologist at heart, and his prose has the rich, grave cadences of the conscious stylist. Occasionally his rhetoric runs away with him, and occasionally he trifles too imaginatively with history. These are minor flaws, however, in a book which is endlessly engrossing without ever being slick and cheap. Too scholarly and too well written to be called a popularization, it recreates the Renaissance by a kind of intuitive magic.

THE NEW PARTY POLITICS, by A. N. Holcombe (Norton, $1.75). As the cities gain in population, says Professor Holcombe, the rustic, sectional politics of the United States must inevitably give way to an urban politics based on class rather than sectional lines. This sounds as if Professor Holcombe were a Marxist — which he is not. In fact, much of his book is devoted to an attack on Marxism for its oversimplified version of class alignments, of exploiters and exploited. What about the new middle class? he asks — and proceeds to analyze the diverse elements which make up that class, and which might be expected to join a median movement between the extremes of wealth and poverty. Neither communism nor fascism is likely to flourish in America, Professor Holcombe believes. He prophesies, and advocates, a great middle-class party which will be able to hold the balance of power by adroit compromise — and he sets forth, though somewhat vaguely, a possible program for such a party. His book is undoubtedly provocative — though he appears to bank too much on the *status quo* and on relative economic equilibrium.

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME, by Fierro Blanco (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00). This is one of the most enjoyable pieces of verbal wandering that has appeared for many moons. Its authenticity may be questionable, the accuracy of its facts open to doubt, but from the moment that Juan Colorado, son of a red-haired Irishman and a girl of Lower California, tells his first tale it becomes apparent that this is romance of the ancient kind, worthy of unquestioning and uncritical surrender. Juan left his village at the age of twelve to avoid a blood feud, but he left it as a trusted member of the train of a Spanish governor bound north to Monterey. What befell them on their travels, how his wits served him and them, what were the details, the preoccupations, the adventures of a journey such as this in days such as those, make up the book. It is regrettable that the publishers have not chosen to be more specific about the author and his translator, but one forgives them a possible hoax for the sake of Juan's sage and salty observations on life as he saw it, his intimate knowledge of hogs, his details about mules, Mayas, and women, and the unforgettable picture he paints of that great lady whom he worshiped.

TIMBER LINE, by Gene Fowler (Covici, Friede, $3.00). The squeamish will have reason to shudder at this slice of Americana, but it is, nevertheless, a rip-roaring, hugely entertaining book. Himself one of their reporters, Gene Fowler has written the fantastic saga of Harry Tammen and F. G. Bonfils, owners of the *Denver Post*. Adventurers both, they took over the worthless little paper in 1895 and by their screaming red headlines, their preposterous stunts, their general un-

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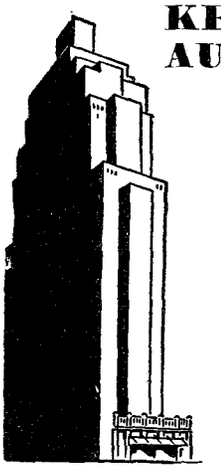

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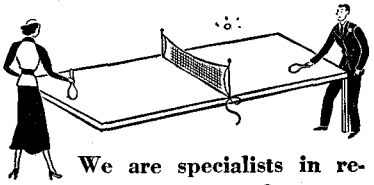

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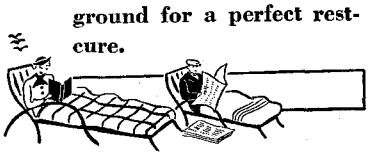

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

scrupulousness they were able to convert it into a great power in the Rocky Mountain region. People charged that Tammen and Bonfils blackmailed their advertisers; they were excoriated by virtuous citizens; they were shot at by indignant victims. Nevertheless they flourished. Gene Fowler writes of their exploits with florid Menckenian gusto and without a trace of moral indignation. He tells tall tales of Denver in the early 1900's, of Buffalo Bill, Eugene Field, Judge Ben Lindsey, and the Unsinkable Mrs. Brown. His book is rambling and disorganized, but it is grand fun. Memorize some of the better anecdotes, and your success at dinner parties will be assured.

JUNÍPERO SERRA, by Agnes Repplier. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The subject of this biography is California's most famous missionary pioneer. The author is Philadelphia's most famous essayist. The result is no more than what one might expect — a pleasant, seemly, sympathetic book which gives the staunch old founder of missions and saver of Indian souls his just due, and does very little to make him or his passionate endeavor comprehensible to modern Americans. Part of the trouble may lie in that incorrigible complacency of ignorance which the northern East preserves toward the Spanish West — an attitude that even Miss Repplier's Catholic scholarship could not quite overcome. Part of it undoubtedly lies in the gulf which yawns between the steel and concrete materialism of to-day and that mixture of mysticism and politics which ruled Spaniards two hundred years ago. The effort to lift Father Serra out of his provincial fame and place him among American heroes is kindly, but the result is disappointing. California enthusiasts cannot afford to neglect the book, but neither can they afford to be satisfied with it.

WITHIN THIS PRESENT, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Already labeled the *Only Yesterday* of fiction, Mrs. Barnes' new novel is a shrewdly evocative chronicle of the years 1914 to 1933 — that era of fever and folly. It is a lavishly documented comedy of manners, and very quaint manners they seem even at this brief distance. Sally Sewall, child of a Chicago banking family which had pushed up from decent obscurity in her grandfather's day, was sixteen when the war broke out. Her absurdly early marriage was a direct result of the war, and it came to grief afterwards as a result of post-war restlessness added to too much leisure and wealth. It was saved from permanent wreckage, however, by the depression — which destroyed the Sewall banking business and forced the younger generation to face reality as its elders had done. Superficiality and a rather credulous optimism are Mrs. Barnes' chief faults. Her book, however, has real charm, and she has done excellently by the numerous Sewalls, whose sense of the family was so strong. *Within This Present* will date badly. At the moment it is a very entertaining novel, more substantial than most, and as topical as a newspaper.

PROMETHEANS, by Burton Rascoe (Putnam, $2.75). So random and erratic is Mr. Rascoe's choice of Prometheans — those who have brought fire and warmth to literature — that despite his supposed theme this book reads like a haphazard collection of essays. Certain it is not comparable to *Titans of Literature*, either in bulk, interest, or importance. Mr. Rascoe is deliberately iconoclastic concerning St. Mark, Petronius, and Apuleius; excellent in his chapter on Lucian (the best in the book); remarkably superficial in his estimate of Aretino, Nietzsche, and D. H. Lawrence. His final chapters are on Dreiser and James Branch Cabell — to whom he still swears unqualified allegiance. Those who are enchanted by Mr. Rascoe's provocative ways, and impressed by his classical erudition, may be willing to forgive the publishers for padding out the format of this book, and for making it seem like a really substantial volume.

HEAR, YE SONS, by Irving Fineman (Longmans, Green, $2.00). To his children, who have grown away from the ancestral ideals, a prosperous Jewish lawyer tells the story of the first twenty-five years of his life — before he made his fortune in America. Actually Mr. Fineman's book is hardly a novel at all, but a moving and beautiful re-creation of life as it was lived by devout Jews in Russian Poland. Old customs, old legends, the formal loveliness of feast days and marriage ceremonies are what one remembers best of Joseph's narrative. His personal history, his escape from the bitter slavery of the Russian army are unimportant in comparison. *Hear, Ye Sons* has something of the quality of poetry. It is a paean of praise for the spirit and culture of the Jewish race, exquisitely evocative of a world which the children of Joseph have forgotten.

SOUTHERN MAIL, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Smith & Haas, $2.00). As *Night Flight* sufficiently proved, Saint-Exupéry is essentially a poet who writes of men in airplanes as few have written before. In this new novel there are passages of genuine beauty — as in the mail pilot's flight over the Sahara — but on the whole the book is too slight and too obscure, and the love-story too tenuous and remote, to engage one's interest deeply. A curious and exotic tale, it seems a little alien.

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Read the FEBRUARY *Issue of* THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE RETURN OF THE CAESARS
by Oswald Spengler

Here the celebrated author of "Decline of the West" expounds his views of the present crisis in world history. He says: "We live in a mighty age. It is the greatest that Western Civilization has ever known or will know. . . . The age is mighty, but all the more diminutive are the people in it. . . . The dreary train of world-improvers has now come to the end of its amble through these centuries, leaving behind it, as sole monument of its existence, mountains of printed paper. The Caesars will now take its place." *See page 129.*

THESE ECONOMIC EXPERIMENTS
by Henry Hazlitt

"There is nothing laudable," says Mr. Hazlitt, "merely in social experiment. . . . It may be appalling in its cost, and yet from a genuinely scientific standpoint the answers that it gives are almost invariably ambiguous." He is very dubious of the value of President Roosevelt's social experimentation. He says: "So far the administration's policy has been in direct contravention of the whole concept of scientific experiment." *See page 138.*

GLENN FRANK; JOURNALIST ON PAROLE
by Ernest L. Meyer

The subject of this brilliant and excoriating essay is the president of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Meyer analyzes his "ideas" and his "dulcet garrulity." *See page 149.*

MOTHERHOOD — THIRD CLASS
by Ann Rivington

What it means to be a maternity patient in a city hospital — the horror, the misery, and the inhumanity of it. The author writes from personal experience. *See page 160.*

MRS SIEGEL
by Benjamin Rosenblatt

A story of an extraordinary estrangement between a mother and her daughter, told very effectively. *See page 236.*

PENNSYLVANIA STATION
by William Faulkner

This is without question one of Mr. Faulkner's most powerful short stories. The locale is the Pennsylvania Station in New York City, but the mood is that of "That Evening Sun Go Down," which Mercury readers will long remember. *See page 166.*

WHY WOMEN BECOME HOBOES
by Walter C. Reckless

A sociologist tells what happens to homeless unemployed women when they hit the road, and he discusses at length the personal case history of a woman hobo. *See page 175.*

MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO
by Joseph Percival Pollard

The personality, the ideas, and the influence of the successor of Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court. *See page 183.*

I SELL BLOOD
by Charles V. Nemo

A blood donor describes the hardships of his profession, going into considerable detail. *See page 194.*

AMENDING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION
by Howard Lee McBain

The celebrated constitutional lawyer of Columbia University says that the present method of amending the Federal Constitution, despite all the objections to it, has generally worked pretty well. "The three-fourths vote has usually not been difficult to obtain, because proposals have seldom come out of Congress until the country as a whole has been thoroughly worked up to receive them." He thinks that the convention method of ratification has worked "with undreamed of success," and that Congress will probably never again submit amendments for ratification by State legislatures. *See page 204.*

SPORT IN MINIATURE
by John R. Tunis

The great game of ping-pong, how it started and how it has developed into a first-class racket. *See page 211.*

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH MUSCLE SHOALS?
by Richard Hoadley Tingley

Mr. Tingley, a civil engineer, argues that with the power at Muscle Shoals enough aluminum could be obtained from the alunite stored in the Utah Mountains to "take care of at least half of the world's present demand for three-quarters of a century." *See page 217.*

IVAN BUNIN
by Alexander Bakshy

An able and authoritative discussion of the work of the 1933 winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. *See page 220.*

DILEMMA OF THE SOUTHERN LIBERALS
by Donald Davidson

The liberal projects for the improvement of the South, says Mr. Davidson, have failed to improve the South, because these projects failed to take into account the peculiar nature of the South. "The Southern liberals . . . may escape their dilemma by becoming more Southern." *See page 227.*

SONNETS FOR THE BELOVED
by Leonora Speyer

A very moving sonnet sequence by a former winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. *See page 224.*

MISCELLANEOUS
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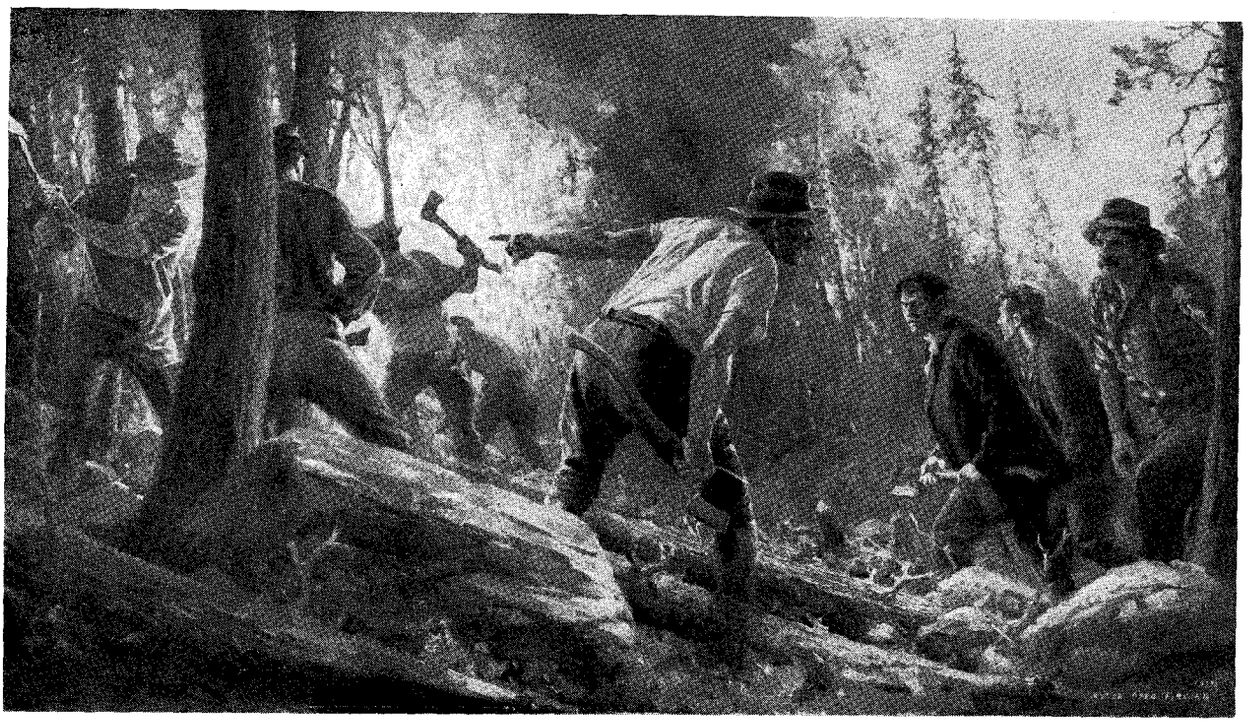

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